Living Masters of Music

GRANVILLE BANTOCK

H. O. ANDERTON

189 Bach
Herbert J. Mountford
b 1920.

THE WILLIAMS
SCHOOL OF CHURCH MUSIC
THE BOURNE, HARPENDEN

780.92
BAN

30,060

GRANVILLE BANTOCK
1914
Photo. by Walter Scott

GRANVILLE BANTOCK

BY H. ORSMOND ANDERTON

LONDON : JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK : JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMXV

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
W. BRENDON AND SON, LTD., PLYMOUTH

PREFACE

MANY hold that a man's friends are not fit to write his biography because they are too partial. On the other hand, a man's enemies are certainly not fit for the task: they are too prejudiced. "Impartial" people only, it is said, can do the work properly. But these Minoses can only fit themselves for the undertaking by entering into sympathetic relations with their subject, i.e. by becoming his friends, and so ceasing to be impartial. And thus this singular argument ends in a vicious circle.

Why all this solemn pretence? Why not frankly acknowledge friends in the first instance and judge according to the result? Only by sympathy can one man understand another; and the greatest dramatic poet is he who can get inside another man's skin, see through his eyes, feel with his heart, and think with his brain: only so—through sympathy—can he realise and show forth his characters.

Bantock and I are friends, it is true. I have received many kindnesses at his hands, and I am pleased to own it. I do so frankly, and my readers are welcome to the knowledge of the fact. He and I are in many ways opposed: our philosophical views, our outlook on life,

differ: our friends, in fact, often say that we agree in nothing: but we agree to differ, and we do so friendly.

Biography of a living man is, of course, subject to many reticencies. There are personal matters that should not be public property: and the affairs of others are often involved and act as a restriction. Much, however, can be given that is of interest: and this, I hope, will be found in these pages.

H. O. A.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	PREFACE	v
CHAPTER I.	INTRODUCTORY: THE SETTING OF THE PICTURE	1
II.	EARLY LIFE UP TO ENTRANCE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC	14
III.	ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 1889–93 . .	20
IV.	DIFFICULTIES, 1893–7.	28
V.	NEW BRIGHTON, 1897–1900. . . .	43
VI.	BIRMINGHAM, PART I	68
	Midland Institute, 1900—Conducting, etc.—Songs, 'Cello Pieces—Greek Plays, Choral Works, *Omar*, 1906–9.	
VII.	BIRMINGHAM, PART II	104
	University Work—Birmingham Philharmonic Society—Competition Festival Work—Adjudicating, etc.—Unaccompanied Choral Music—Part-Songs, *Atalanta*, *Vanity of Vanities*—Instrumental Work, String Orchestras, *Dante and Beatrice*, *Fifine*, etc.—*The Great God Pan*.	
VIII.	PERSONAL MATTERS AND TRAITS . .	140
	LIST OF WORKS	147
	WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME .	156

ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT, 1914 (Walter Scott)	*Frontispiece*	
FACSIMILE LAST PAGE OF *OMAR*	*Page*	93
PORTRAIT, 1904 (J. Russell & Sons)	,,	104
FACSIMILE PAGE OF *PAN*	,,	131
BROAD MEADOW (Reginald Haines)	,,	141
MANUSCRIPT AND SIGNATURE	,,	146

GRANVILLE BANTOCK

GRANVILLE BANTOCK

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY. THE SETTING OF THE PICTURE

To one travelling through a forest it is sometimes difficult to judge which are the tallest trees. One must get away from the over-arching roof of leafage, away from the glades and alleys, and the fretwork of light and shade, to some open space—if possible to a piece of rising ground whence one can see the woodland spread out at one's feet, and note the mightier trees, perhaps a pair of giant oaks or beeches, that stand out above their fellows. And in the same way, if the ordinary observer to-day were asked to name the largest personalities in the musical world of England, leaving out Delius, who is now more Continental than English, he would perhaps find it difficult at first to answer. Ask a foreigner, however, and the answer would come without hesitation —Elgar and Bantock. They are the two outstanding figures, and complementary to each other, though they do not cover the whole range of the English spirit. There is none of that sweet delicacy of woodland charm which is so common among the poets, in either of these: and there is not the spirituality, or the peculiar seraphic

blitheness that we find in the best of Walford Davies's work, or again in Byrd's. But they do, in a sense, supplement and complete each other. Elgar's outlook is largely—one might say chiefly—religious, and especially Catholic. *The Dream of Gerontius* is full of intense religious fervour; and such works as *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom*, though far behind that in essential quality, show the same devotional attitude of mind. The symphonies, too, are Western in their type of mentality. The idea of the first—the return of man's spirit to faith and strength after long battling with the difficulties and doubts of life—is cast in the mould of the West. Another aspect of Elgar's mind is shown in the *Pomp and Circumstance* marches, and the *Froissart* and *Cockaigne* overtures—a glorification of, and exultation in, this external visible life, which essentially and typically is characteristic of our *homme moyen sensuel*. On the whole, too, Elgar's music has a peculiar nervous excitement which seems to arise from a somewhat feverishly neurotic temperament: this being the case with *The Music-Makers* and the symphonies to a remarkable extent.

With Bantock all is different. His outlook is rationalistic, and largely Eastern, though this latter phase is rather less pronounced since the completion of *Omar*. He hates all pomp, and circumstance, and ceremony, with a perfect hatred. Instead of Imperial or Coronation marches, he gives us a *Labour March*. His music shows none of that nervous excitement of which I have spoken. So far from the devotionalism of the Catholic Church, we find in him not infrequently that note of arraignment of the very nature of things, that defiance of Providence, which is so strong in Shelley, and which Fitzgerald has imported into, or greatly intensified in,

his translation of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, as, for instance :

> O Thou, who man of baser earth didst make,
> And even with Paradise devise the snake,
> For all the sin wherewith the face of man
> Is blackened, man's forgiveness give—and take !
>
> (LXXXI.)

Or again :

> Ah Love ! could you and I with Him conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
> Remould it nearer to the heart's desire !
>
> (XCIX.)

At the same time it is to be remarked that in Shelley—and in all such writers—there is a subconscious instinct of appeal to some more remote power or ideal. There is an ideal Order of the Universe, they feel, in which the actual visible order is condemned. In Shelley, the Zeus whom Prometheus defies is at last dethroned by the ordinance of this overruling justice : and in Æschylus there was some harmonisation, though we know not exactly what. Though they think they arraign the nature of things, they unconsciously stultify the verdict. More terrible is Shakespeare's indictment in *King Lear ;* but that was a phase through which he passed to the tranquillity of his last period. Bantock dwells upon and intensifies such passages in a way that makes his own sympathetic attitude clear. A striking instance is the close of *Omar,* II, where the first of the above-quoted passages brings this section of the work to a large climax, and where this defiant protest is thundered out with all the forces at command on a chord of D♭, the trumpets blaring out against it a C, and the whole ending with this rebellious discord.

On Bantock's bias for Oriental colouring and ways of

thought it is hardly necessary to dwell much; this aspect of his genius is already a commonplace. The use of Eastern scales and melodic phrases, the sympathetic treatment of the imagery of Omar, in which the Sultàn, the Angel of Death, the Hand of Fate writing human lives, the shadow-dance of humanity, the Belovèd, the garden of roses, and the wine, are the chief figures employed—his choice of these subjects and long-self-identification with them are sufficient to show his essential kinship with this aspect of the Oriental mind. And yet there is of course a strong vein of the West in him. He is a curious mixture—what one might call an optimistic pessimist. His ultimate views of life and destiny are those of Omar—pessimistic; but his more vigorous Western organisation gives him a zest for the life that hovers for an instant in the jaws of oblivion, and brings him to the typically pagan position of Horace —*carpe diem*: or, as it is put in nobler form in the work which he has set comparatively lately:

> Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might:
> For there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom,
> in the grave whither thou goest.
>
> (Eccles. IX. 10.)

There is another contrast between the two musicians, that will perhaps be of interest. Elgar's symphonies and such works deal with ideas, but, if one may say it, in the somewhat abstract manner of the philosopher—as a sort of artistic Pure Reason. Bantock always treats such matters from the poet's point of view. He will set Meredith: or he takes a subject such as Browning's *Fifine* for orchestral treatment, where the problems of human relationships are veiled beneath the movements of living, breathing, human personalities—of the poet who feels the need of a wider mental range even

though it lead him into the snares, the wife who foolishly tries to confine him to her own small though noble circle of life, the butterfly figure of the dancer with its allurement—and the consequent catastrophe. Bantock, like Browning, is absorbed by this great question ; but, also like Browning, he shapes the matter out by the drama of throbbing human creatures—goes down into the bustle, and noise, and tawdry vulgarity of " the fun of the fair," and draws his views of life from its rough and tumble : while Elgar, on the contrary, views it, and moralises on it like a priest, or a philosopher aloof in his study. Bantock's figures glow vividly on his canvas : Elgar hardly has figures save that of a solitary muser.

Of this pictorial quality in Bantock's music one need not say much. Sometimes it is little more than surface painting ; but in other cases he seems to penetrate to the heart of the Idea, and work from within outwards. To those who have not felt it in such instances as the figure of Life as a Caravan stumbling through the desert, or the Shadow-dance, nothing that one could say would much avail. Of all this Elgar has nothing : he writes, as I have said, either as a philosopher or as a maker of " abstract music," whatever that phrase may cover.

It will thus be seen that the two are really in a true sense complementary, as well as being the two outstanding figures in our musical art of to-day. At the York Festival of 1910 both had works performed ; and before the gathering broke up the two were photographed together. Men's actions sometimes have a significance deeper than they know ; and we may see in this picture a piece of unconscious symbolism which is not without a very real significance. It is hardly

necessary to labour the antithesis further ; what I have said will perhaps prove suggestive to the reader of other points of contrast. It will now be more profitable to turn to the surroundings into which these two figures, and especially of course our own immediate subject, were born, which moulded them to some extent, and which they are helping in their turn to mould.

During the years 1884–9, when Bantock's interest in music awoke and kindled into life, musical conditions in England were very different from what they are now. There was less popular interest in music of any high value, none of that widespread democratic movement which is to-day its most remarkable feature—the Musical Competition Festivals. Music in the provinces was hibernating. There were no orchestras out of London save the Hallé Orchestra at Manchester. There were choral societies which practised such works as *The Holy City*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, and *The Ancient Mariner*, together, of course, with the *Messiah*, *St. Paul*, and *Elijah*. In London and the suburbs there were similar choral societies giving similar works, but adding others such as *The Creation*, Schubert's masses, and Mozart's masses (especially the Twelfth, which is not his), and a few more modern works. Barnby was doing good work at the Albert Hall, where he produced Dvořák's *Stabat Mater* for the first time in England, in 1883. Prout's Borough of Hackney Choral Association, too, were cultivating the wilderness of the East End, and performing music of the highest class : and modern works were slowly filtering into the country by other channels. Bach was gradually becoming known : not so very many years before, anyone ordering a copy of the *Wohltemperirte Klavier* had to wait till it could be procured from Germany. In 1871 the

Matthew Passion was performed at Westminster Abbey, and about the same time the annual performances at St. Paul's were established. The Philharmonic Society had for years been doing good work, performing the best music in existence; and the season of 1855 had been conducted by Wagner, who had somewhat startled them out of their Mendelssohn cult. The celebrated Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall reached their thousandth performance in 1887, and were a powerful influence in spreading a knowledge of chamber-music of the highest class, as well as in setting a high standard of performance. A galaxy of players appeared there —Joachim, Hallé, Norman Neruda (afterwards Lady Hallé), Piatti, Ries (2nd violin), Zerbini (viola), Mme. Schumann, and in fact, all the principal artists of the day. At the same time it must be remarked that although there were by now many English musicians of high attainments, public favour was unduly concentrated upon these foreign singers and players—a fact which retarded our own musical renaissance. Intelligent interest had been awakened as to the work of the Madrigal Era, and the Musical Antiquarian Society had issued in score many works by the best writers of that period. Chappell, too, had made his very valuable collection of folk-songs, *Music of the Olden Time*, which is still one of our most important sources for such things. Connected with both these undertakings, and an ardent worker, was Macfarren, of whom I shall speak in a moment.

The Triennial Festivals played, at that time, a useful part, and gave opportunities for works to be heard in the provinces, which would otherwise have been impossible. Unfortunately, from a musical point of view, although some new works were performed and a few

commissioned under these conditions, these festivals——not being primarily musical, but charitable events, and thus being under the management of non-musicians——tended to encourage a stagnant state of things ; and the works more heard than any others were money-earners such as *Messiah* and *Elijah*. Of course, one must not lay the whole blame on organisers : the public demand is a condition which has to be reckoned with. But organisers have some function of direction, and this they abdicated. They cared chiefly, as Plato says, to tickle the tastes and fancies of the monster : they gave little encouragement to English musicians : the errors of each reacted on the other : and the result was a musical morass, or quagmire, which is only now being drained and cultivated.

Among those who had done most thus to "stub Burnaby Waste" was G. A. Macfarren, who at the time of which we are speaking was Principal of the R.A.M., and Professor of Cambridge University. He was born in 1813, and his long and strenuous life was spent in teaching and writing. His *Chevy Chace* overture was produced in 1836, and was performed later in Leipsic by Mendelssohn. His *John the Baptist* came in 1873, and *King David* in 1883. But his less pretentious work, such as *May Day*, with its rustic English atmosphere, and some part-songs, such as *The Three Fishers*, are perhaps more essentially valuable. His support of the Mendelssohn cult seems to have been somewhat excessive ; but his later growth into an admiration for Bach, and his preaching of the Bach gospel, were a valuable force on the right side. At the time of which we are speaking his harmonic theories held the field. They were coherent, and brought order and perspicuity where previously had been mere empiricism. They had

the defects of a system, however. Neither nature nor art can be got into a bottle: and though an aid at first the system became later a restraint that prevented free growth. The present teaching methods are, however, largely founded upon him, and through him on Day. He died in 1887, and was succeeded at the R.A.M. by Mackenzie, at Cambridge by Stanford.

Another prominent figure was that of Sullivan, who was born in 1842. By this time (1889) the stream of Savoy operas was slackening, though performances went on merrily. *Pinafore* came in 1878, *Pirates* in 1880, *Patience* in 1881, and *Iolanthe* in 1882; and however we may regard these, they were at least a typical product of the time we are considering, and so must not be passed over. *The Martyr of Antioch* appeared in 1881. The great but ill-managed experiment in national opera, beginning—and almost ending—with the production of *Ivanhoe* in 1891, was a severe disappointment to many who had hoped for the establishment of a permanent opera in London. *The Golden Legend* followed in 1898, and in 1900 Sullivan died.

A personality of to-day, who was then one of the more living forces, is Parry, born in 1848. His music to Aristophanes' *Birds* was written for the production at Cambridge in 1883. *Blest Pair of Sirens* came in 1887, and *Judith* in 1888. In 1894 he succeeded Grove as Director of the Royal College of Music, which had been founded in 1883; and in 1900 succeeded Stainer as Professor at Oxford. His books on music are valuable. *The Art of Music* appeared in 1893, and more lately there has been a good one on Bach.

A man of great promise, and with a growing reputation, was Goring Thomas, who was born in 1851, and

studied under Sullivan and Parry. His early opera, *The Light of the Harem*, appeared in 1879; the cantata, *The Sun-Worshippers*, at Norwich in 1881; the opera *Esmeralda* in 1883, at Covent Garden; and *Nadeshda* (also at Covent Garden) in 1885. Both of these attained success in Germany. Thomas's hopeful career was cut short in 1892.

The next whose name must be mentioned, and who at the period of which we are speaking formed one of a sort of triumvirate, the other two being Parry and Mackenzie, is Stanford, born in 1852. He studied in Germany, and his opera, *The Veiled Prophet*, was produced at Hanover in 1881. In 1885 he became conductor of the Bach Choir in succession to Goldschmidt. In 1883, on the opening of the Royal College of Music, he became professor of composition there, and succeeded Macfarren at Cambridge in 1887. His German training has not been altogether to the good; but in some works he has broken away from this influence to a considerable extent, and the choral ballad, *The Revenge*, produced at Leeds in 1896, made an instant appeal. His Irish descent has had considerable influence on his work, and the *Voyage of Maeldune*, the opera *Shamus O'Brien*, and some Irish songs, are among its fruits. Of the second we shall hear again in connection with Bantock's own life.

The third of this triumvirate is Mackenzie, who was born in 1847. He, too, was trained in Germany, and then entered the Royal Academy of Music as a violin student under Sainton. *Jason* appeared in 1882, but his larger reputation began with the opera *Colomba* in 1883; and this led to the *Rose of Sharon* (Norwich, 1884). About the same time appeared the orchestral ballad, *La belle Dame sans Merci*, founded on Keats's

poem, and perhaps Mackenzie's most valuable orchestral work. *The Troubadour* appeared in 1886; and in 1888 Mackenzie was elected to succeed Macfarren at the Royal Academy of Music.

When Bantock entered this Institution in 1889, therefore, Mackenzie was Principal, as now: Parry was soon to be Principal at the Royal College, as now: and Stanford occupied his present position on the staff. So that for twenty years and more these three posts —and one of them for thirty years—have been in the same hands: a fact which gives food for thought.

Another of this generation, with whom Bantock came into close relations, since he studied under him at the Royal Academy of Music, was Corder, born in 1852. He won the Mendelssohn Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, and went to Cologne to study under Hiller. His opera *Nordisa* was produced at Covent Garden in 1887; and the *Sword of Argantyr* at the Leeds Festival of 1889. He is the author of the translations of Wagner's operas, of a book on Instrumentation, etc.

Of the younger men, more nearly Bantock's contemporaries, one need say little, as their influence, in this earlier period, except when he came into personal contact with them, was slighter. Elgar was born in 1857. He was to have gone to Germany to study, but the plan, perhaps fortunately, proved impossible. He is thus an English product, and a provincial one, since he comes from Worcester where he remained till, in 1877, he went to London and took violin lessons of Pollitzer. He then returned to Worcester and became an organist. His larger reputation was delayed till after Bantock's student days were over. The *Enigma Variations* appeared in 1899; the *Froissart* overture in 1900. In the same year came his great achievement, *Gerontius*;

in 1901, *Pomp and Circumstance;* and in 1903, *The Apostles.*

A group of promising students—Bennett (now organist at Lincoln Cathedral), Ed. German, and Stuart Macpherson—had already left the Royal Academy of Music when Bantock entered, the last-named remaining on the staff as professor. McCunn, too, had left the Royal College of Music (resigning his scholarship in 1886), and had produced *The Land of the Mountain and the Flood,* by which his name became widely known, in 1887. The cantata *Lord Ullin's Daughter* came in 1888; and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* at Glasgow in December, 1888, and the Crystal Palace February, 1889, the year of Bantock's entrance at the Royal Academy of Music. Another man with whom Bantock was thrown into contact was Wm. Wallace, who was born in 1860, and studied for two terms at the Royal Academy of Music in 1889, his *scena, The Lord of Darkness* being produced at one of their concerts in 1890. His symphonic poem *The Passing of Beatrice* was brought out at the Crystal Palace in 1892 by Manns, who thought highly of his powers and did a good deal for him.

For a fuller realisation of the conditions at this time, it should be remembered that though Wagner had died in 1883 the controversies that raged about his name were still violent. The great Wagner Festival held at the Albert Hall in May, 1877 (Wagner and Richter conducting), although not a success financially, had stimulated and popularised the interest in Wagner in this country, and had led to discussions on musical art-principles, and to a more vivid artistic life generally. The Richter concerts, making Wagner propaganda one of their main features, were a flourishing institution.

Walter Bache's concerts, too, championing Liszt's cause, had prepared the way for the master himself; and at his visit to London in 1886 he was received with enthusiasm. The adherents of Brahms were crying up their hero and decrying Wagner as such people usually do. To such minds it seems impossible to be loyal to one man without running down another. It is unintelligible to them that both may be great though in different ways and on different planes; and that one order of mind will necessarily admire one, while another type must find its mental nourishment elsewhere. Into these controversies Bantock plunged eagerly, and, as will be supposed by all who have known him later, he violently espoused the cause of the moderns. Wagner and Liszt, as iconoclasts, appealed to his pioneer instincts. And Wagner, full of life and colour, and the passion of living, enlisted his sympathies far more than Brahms, whose somewhat cold, grey, passionless—what one might call abstract and philosophical—music, left Bantock cold and unresponsive.

Such is a hasty sketch of the conditions into which Bantock was thrown at his entrance into the arena of his future life and labours: we will now give a rapid outline of his own early life up to his initiation at the Royal Academy of Music.

CHAPTER II

EARLY LIFE UP TO ENTRANCE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Granville Ransome Bantock was born on the 7th August, 1868, his father being the distinguished surgeon and gynæcologist, George Granville Bantock, M.D., F.R.C.S.EDIN., who was at one time President of the Gynæcological Society. During the period when Lister's method of using the carbolic spray in surgery became fashionable, Dr. Bantock and Lawson Tait held out strongly against the innovation, insisting that wounds did not heal under carbolic influence, and that all that was needed was absolute cleanliness. Although he suffered considerably in his practice for many years, Dr. Bantock refused to give way to what he considered a mistake. Lister, at the International Medical Congress at Berlin, said: "Dr. Bantock, whose remarkable series of successful ovariotomies may seem to justify his practice, does not, I believe, prepare his ligatures antiseptically. The success achieved by Bantock and Tait proves a stumbling-block to some minds." Dr. Bantock's opposition has been justified: his views have finally prevailed: the carbolic spray has been abandoned: clean water only is now used: and what is currently called Listerism is nearer to Bantock's practice than to Lister's own early gospel. May we not see in this dogged persistence in the face of overwhelming odds on the part of the father, one of the roots from

which grew that untiring perseverance which has helped the son to his present position ?

At the time of the boy's birth the family were living in Cornwall Road, Westbourne Park. About the age of six he went to a preparatory school kept by three ladies, in Lancaster Road. Here he remained some three years, and then went to Mr. Shapcote's school in Powis Square. He was plodding, and a good worker ; his memory was, from the first, good ; but—as is often the case with men built on a large scale, mentally—he was not quick or brilliant in any way in childhood. He took piano lessons from a lady teacher, but hated them, and shirked practice.

About 1880 the family moved to the house in Granville Place with which the doctor is usually associated. The boys (the next brother, Leedham, being now included) remained for a time at Mr. Shapcote's as weekly boarders. The school was given up shortly afterwards, however, and they were transferred to Mr. Sutton's in Holland Park.

Although he worked well at his lessons, he was no bookworm, and had a healthy boy's love of play which, in a London house without garden, was not always easy to get. The favourite cricket-pitch was a long passage at the top of the house, the noise and racket in which were constantly bringing down reproofs from the Olympians on the heads of the budding champions, consisting now of Gran, Leedham, Claude, and, finally, the sister, Connie. The usual children's games of course played their part ; but the passion for trains seems to have had deeper roots than usual and to have appealed to some mathematical instinct, which has apparently reappeared in still greater force in the next generation. The passion for animals, too, which has remained with him through life, appeared thus early ; and squirrels,

snakes, toads, lizards, white rats, etc., were stowed away somehow. His old nurse has described to me her disgust when the white rats ran over her at meals. As some alleviation of this cramped life, the children had friends at Turnham Green, then a country place, whither they sometimes went to stay. Here there was a large garden where they could play freely. On one occasion, while at their games there, Gran got a splinter of glass into his little finger. An operation was necessary to remove it; but the finger got drawn up, and has never fully recovered.

About 1884 (*ætat.* 16) Gran began to take a real interest in music, and a liking for his piano lessons. This slowly developed into a wish to take up music as a profession; but of this—the usual story—the doctor would not hear, and the boy began to prepare for the Indian Civil Service Examinations, first at school, and finally under a coach. A physical trouble saved the situation. Had Schumann not injured his hand we should probably have had one pianist the more, and been the poorer by much of his finest work. In the present case it was an affection of the eyes that intervened like the good fairy in disguise. He was examined by a specialist, who found no radical defect, and said that it was due to general overwork, and that all reading and study must be given up for six months. This, as he was now about seventeen, necessitated relinquishing the idea of the Indian Civil Service; and he again tried to persuade his father to let him adopt music as a profession. The doctor, however, was inexorable. His Scottish nature was not very readily responsive; he was somewhat autocratic and reserved, being much absorbed in his exacting practice; and the boy was timid of him. In the result,

after a good deal of uncertainty, he was entered as a pupil for chemical engineering at the City and Guilds Institute, in South Kensington.

Here again the parallel with Schumann appears. Just as Schumann neglected his law studies for his pianoforte practice, so Bantock—hating his task of filing down six-inch cubes to two-inch cubes, and such diversions—spent his time at the South Kensington Museum over music-scores. Lectures were jilted for concerts; he plunged into the ocean of music as into his native element, and became a devoted worshipper of Wagner and Liszt—in those days the symbols of all that was daring and revolutionary in art. He had had no teaching at all, beyond his piano lessons, and knew none of the shoals and rocks of that ocean of music, but he must build his own little craft and go a-sailing on wider journeys. There are some songs of this period still remaining in MS. The one that appears to be the earliest is called *Sweet Maid*, and has mostly an "Alberti-bass," changing towards the end into repeated chords; the harmonisation, too, seems to indicate a first attempt. Next comes a set called *Four Songs*, though there are actually five, dated December, 1888. When one remembers that he had never had a lesson in harmony in his life, one wonders more especially at the feeling for harmonisation. There are a setting of Goethe's *Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth* (in transl.), a *Love Song*, *Love in May*, *In the Forest*, and Heine's *Du bist wie eine Blume* (also in transl.). There is also a *Grand Galop* that shows a distinct idea of plan, having a regular episode, and a return with coda and cadenza. Another piano piece seems to suggest that he was acquainted with Bach's two-part Inventions.

At last the Principal of the Institute sent for him and told him he was doing no good, and that his bent was evidently for art. Bantock agreed, and begged him to see the doctor, and do what he could to persuade him of the true state of affairs. Prof. Armstrong accordingly wrote to Dr. Bantock, who called to see him. Very unwillingly he at last realised the position, and allowed Granville to leave the College and take some private harmony and counterpoint lessons of Dr. Gordon Saunders, at the Trinity College of Music, London. These, however, only lasted three months; after which Bantock, finding his desires confirmed by this tentative measure, and feeling the necessity for a wider and fuller training, succeeded in persuading his parents to send him to the Royal Academy.

During this time he was at work on a *Requiem Mass*, and a symphony, of which last I shall speak in the next chapter. The *Requiem* shows the influence of Rossini in the cast of the phrases. I was surprised to notice this, as the two writers seem absolutely alien. Bantock, however, explains that he went, about the time of writing it, to a performance of the *Stabat Mater*, and was much impressed. Another influence is apparent —that of the *Lohengrin Prelude*. The work opens with a long arpeggio passage on a chord of C, first major and then minor, which rises to the extreme treble range, descends a little, and then floats away into the heavens. A similar passage, followed by an *Amen*, closes the work, evidently symbolising the entering of the soul into its rest. There is a distinct feeling for harmonic effect, and altogether the mass is a remarkable effort for one entirely untaught. The work was never scored.

I will only mention further (1) a *Polonaise* for piano, which, for a self-taught youth, is certainly good. The

polonaise rhythm is caught, and there is an intelligible plan. And (2) *Two Meditations* for pianoforte and violin. The first is rhythmically alive and full of verve. The second is more remarkable, in a way. It shows very clearly the influence of Wagner's *Träume*, and the harmonic freedom of the piece is striking, in an untaught tyro.

It was about this time, or rather earlier, that I made Bantock's acquaintance; and in the late July and early August of this year (1889), he and I went together to Bayreuth, where we saw *Parsifal* and *Tristan*. We were greatly delighted with Nürnberg, and especially the *Lorenzkirche* with its many memories. Returning, we came down the Rhine from Mainz to Köln. The whole trip was a memorable experience, and one which neither of us has forgotten.

At last the first goal of Bantock's ambition was reached, and after the summer holidays, in September, 1889, he entered the Royal Academy of Music.

CHAPTER III

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 1889–93

In September, 1889, then, Bantock entered at the Royal Academy of Music as a student of composition, under Frederick Corder. He also studied, at various times, and in varying measures, the clarinet, violin, viola, organ, piano, and kettledrums, during his stay in the Institution; and has since played also the horn and tuba, thus gaining experience that has been of service in his instrumentation.

The first competition for the Macfarren Scholarship occurred at Christmas, 1889, just a term after his entrance. He determined to compete, but thinking that Corder might consider him presumptuous, he kept his own counsel. He sent in two movements of a symphony in C minor, some *Monologues* for Milton's Satan, and a few songs—all written without advice of any kind—and was successful. The scholarship was awarded not so much for attainment as for promise, and provided three years' free tuition at the Institution. At the end of this time he was appointed sub-professor, an office which carries no salary, but a reduction of fees.

Of the symphony, only the *Scherzo* can now be found. It is in 3/4 time, *Presto*, and is evidently influenced by Beethoven's scherzos. The mirth is a little heavy, and the instrumentation, as might be expected from one entirely without experience, very uncertain. More

striking are Satan's Monologues, which must have weighed heavily in his favour, showing as they do distinct dramatic promise. There are three, taken from *Paradise Lost*, I, 242–63 ; I, 315–30 ; and IV, 70–93. All show the influence of Wagner, the opening of the first, in particular, that of *Im Treibhaus*, from the *Fünf Gedichte*. To the last line of this—

Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven—

we shall have occasion to refer at a crisis in his own career. In the last two an almost identical figure is used, and these are perhaps the most interesting. The choice of such a subject at the outset of his career is typical of his attitude throughout, and foreshadows the rebellious utterances of *Omar*. Two slight settings of Heine, written early in 1890, show growing experience, but have nothing specially distinctive.

Judging from a couple of his reports of 1889 and 1891, he must have been an ideal student. Perhaps such things seldom speak more truth than tombstones ; but Mr. Corder has confirmed their testimony, in conversation with me, and spoken of him as even then the indefatigable worker that he has shown himself since. An indication of this restless energy is given in the fact that hardly had he entered when he was one of the moving spirits in the foundation of an Academy magazine, *The Overture*, the first number of which appeared in March, 1890, and which ran for four years under the editorship of Mr. Corder.

Bantock was also one of the remodellers and most energetic members of *The Excelsior Society*, a union of students past and present. This met at the houses of various members ; but the lion's share of entertaining fell to Bantock, and the spacious drawing-room at Granville

Place proved an excellent concert-room. Mrs. Bantock gave a warm welcome: and the doctor, having something of the statelier manners of the older school, added a touch of courtliness to the proceedings. Chamber-music and songs were given, besides, as a rule, compositions by members, and from time to time lectures on Wagner and various burning questions by Corder and others.

Bantock poured out a profusion of compositions during his student period. One of these—a continuation of his Miltonic work—was an overture called *Satan in Hell*, a typical student's subject. It was tried one afternoon at the orchestral practice. After some fearful cacophanous passage, in which the players had all got inextricably tangled up, Mackenzie, who was conducting, exclaimed in despair, "Where are we now?" To which came the demure reply, "In hell, sir."

But Milton soon proved stale. Bantock yearned for newer and greater things: he was under the influence of the fact that Wagner had written his own poems, and determined not only to do the same, but to achieve distinction in pure literature as well. The opulence of his schemes is illustrated by the fact that, besides the grandiose plan of twenty-four symphonic poems on Southey's *Kehama*, he projected six Egyptian dramas, of which one—*Rameses II*—was written and published. He wrote also another play, outside this scheme—*Phyllis, Queen of Thrace*. Shortly after this, however, he came to see that his true work lay in music, and wisely limited himself in area for the sake of the additional strength thereby gained.

The musical works for which he wrote his own words were the operas *Caedmar* and *The Pearl of Iran*, and the Recitation Music, *Thervenda's Dream*. This is an "early

work" in character as well as in period. Another piece of the same class is *The Blessed Damozel;* but Bantock, having come to feel the unsatisfactory nature of this *genre*, wrote nothing more of the kind.

Two more pieces on somewhat the same level may be mentioned before we come to the larger works. Both are for pianoforte, and both have mottoes prefixed, for "poetic basis" was Bantock's early flame, as well as his lifelong love. The first is a *Reverie in E♭*, in a somewhat facile vein of musing, but suitable for popular consumption. The other, a *Barcarolle* in F minor, with a motto from Browning, makes more demand upon the player, and has more character. Both pieces were published by Ashdown, the composer receiving nothing for them but a few copies—an arrangement which, at the time, was very welcome to one yearning to see himself in print.

Of the larger works of this period, we will speak first of the projected "Kehama" cycle of symphonic poems. There were to have been twenty-four of these, corresponding with the twenty-four divisions of the poem, but only fourteen were actually written, of which two were published. They are founded on Southey's Indian poem, *The Curse of Kehama;* and thus we see Bantock, on the threshold of his career, showing that bent of mind for which he has since become celebrated, and turning instinctively to the East as a relief from the stiffening trammels of classical tradition. The first number, *The Funeral*, is now called *Processional*, and has been performed several times. It represents the funeral procession, by night, of the Rajah Kehama's son, whose corpse is borne onward in his palanquin beneath a crimson canopy, and surrounded by lavish Oriental pomp—torches,

Brahmins, maidens, soldiers, drums, gongs, and the myriad life of India. The striking rhythms and tone-colours have just that flavour of the bizarre which is necessary to visualise the scene. A flowing melody which forms the second subject, represents the two chief wives and a train of lesser ones, who are forced to perform *suttee*. Finally comes the lighting of the pyre ; and amid the blare of horns and trumpets, and the maddened cries of the crowd, the piece comes to an end. The character of the other—*Jaga-Naut*—is of the same order. It is highly pictorial, and shows the lofty car swaying as it ploughs its course onwards through the crowd of devotees who throw themselves in its way and are crushed, while a band of Yogis dance in honour of the god (5/4). This piece was performed by the Philharmonic Society, but it so shocked their sensibilities that they made a vow of " never again " as regarded Bantock.

Another work which foreshadows the future is the picturesque ballet, *Egypt*, in three scenes, in which some Coptic phrases are used, and in which the scale with two augmented seconds appears. The instrumentation is still uncertain, and the handling of the material simple ; but the piece is certainly one of the shadows cast before by coming events.

Very different is the case with *The Fire-Worshippers*. The words are taken from Moore's *Lalla Rookh ;* and we have here a young man's romantic work written with technique adequate for its purpose. Of course, Bantock, even if he did it at all, would not carry out the work in the same way now ; but that is not to say that he would really improve upon what he has done. As it stands it suits Moore's poem, with its somewhat facile sentiment and Byronic passion. The point of

view is changed. Youth has its own way of looking at and feeling things; and that way is quite as true, and represents a reality, just as much as the views of maturity. Both are integral parts of man's nature as a whole—a point on which Stevenson enlarges admirably in *Virginibus Puerisque*. *The Fire-Worshippers* deals with the loves of the daughter of a Mussulman emir, and the chieftain of the more ancient race of fire-worshippers (Ghebirs) of Persia. The scene is laid in the emir's palace overlooking a romantic region on the Persian Gulf, and afterwards in the mountain-fastness of the Ghebirs, who are finally exterminated by the Mohammedans. Young romance and the vigour of youth suffuse the whole; and the advance made since the two songs mentioned above as written early in 1890, is remarkable. The overture, a striking piece of work, was performed at the Crystal Palace under Manns. The work has been performed in its entirety recently, and would suit many a choral society which might hesitate before undertaking the later works.

Caedmar, a one-act opera, is on the whole surer in musical technique—i.e. it is woven in a more continuous web—than its successor, *The Pearl of Iran*. The reason of this we shall see shortly. The work shows the influence of Wagner throughout, more especially, perhaps, that of the Siegmund-Sieglinde portion of *The Ring*, and of the *Forest-Murmurs;* but the whole conception, texture, and phraseology of the work reek of Wagner. This is not said as a reproach; it is quite natural. Early Beethoven is Mozart diluted, and every one must learn from, and assimilate, the best that has gone before him. It is well that Bantock had thoroughly mastered his craft in this way; he was now fledged, and ready to think out his own individual methods, develop his

own individuality, and learn in the larger school of life. The drama, like that of *The Pearl of Iran*, is simple and somewhat naïve. Caedmar, a wandering knight, comes into a forest-glade as the shadows of evening deepen, prays, goes to sleep, and the elves appear and dance around him. Hulda then enters, fleeing from her tyrannical husband, who has "desecrated the marriage bond." Caedmar awakes, and the two vow eternal fidelity. The husband, Andred, then appears, and he and Caedmar fight. Hulda, rushing between them to separate them, receives Andred's sword and falls; Caedmar then slays Andred. A scene ensues between him and Hulda, who then dies; and the opera closes with a vision of her spirit floating heavenwards. Bantock's mastery of his musical material is, however, remarkable. The scoring of the work was finished about September, 1892. Signor Lago was at that time undertaking his ill-starred London season, and Bantock sent him a copy of the vocal score. It took his fancy, and was produced at the *Olympic*, receiving three or four performances under the conductorship of the composer —a wonderful send-off for the young artist. A little earlier in the year he had given an invitation concert at the Royal Academy of Music, where also *Caedmar* had been performed, though without orchestra or stage-action.

The charges of Wagnerism levelled against him in the criticisms of *Caedmar* induced Bantock to design his next work on different lines, and to employ choruses, etc. *The Pearl of Iran* is a one-act opera, like its predecessor, and the scene is laid in the Ural Mountains. Lhara, a Persian maiden, is travelling under the protection of her lover Ahmed, a Tartar prince. The convoy is attacked on her account, by Ourgen with

his Kirghiz, and Ahmed is slain, whereupon Lhara kills herself to avoid falling into Ourgen's hands. The piece is picturesquely laid out; there are Eastern phrases to give local colour, dances of Circassians, slaves, women, Tartars (with barbaric rhythms), love-duets, and a Persian song with lute accompaniment which is worth publishing separately. The whole is handled with skill, musically; but the difficulty of welding together this greater variety of material has caused that lack of the sense of unity, as compared with *Caedmar*, of which I have spoken. The personality of the composer is not yet mature; and the work (like *Caedmar*) has not the advantage of Moore's verse. It, however, taken in conjunction with the other two, shows the writer to be well equipped for his work, so far as training could make him so. There was now only needed the growth of his own individuality.

During his time at the Royal Academy of Music Bantock had several works performed at the official concerts, among them the overture to *The Fire-Worshippers*, *Wulstan*, a *scena* for baritone and orchestra, and the suite of ballet music written for the drama *Rameses II*. This is, of course, a small work, but is picturesque, and shows resource and an ear for local colour, if the expression may be allowed. The material was incorporated in the larger Egyptian ballet already mentioned. During the latter part of this period his mind began to be occupied with, among other things, the idea of those *Songs of the East* which did not become an actuality till later. He now felt that his work at the Academy was done, and in 1893 he left the Institution.

CHAPTER IV

DIFFICULTIES, 1893–7

It is a commonplace that the course of the artist never runs smooth: the exceptions, at any rate, are so few as to be almost negligible. Bantock in this particular, if in no other, was orthodox; for there now followed four years of struggle in which he was obliged to turn his hand to anything and everything, and in which his lavish instincts (in things material as well as artistic) were severely repressed, while his outward means were precarious, dwindling at times almost to a minus quantity. As the lives of artists go, however, he cannot be said to have had an unusual share of hardship; for when these four years were over he at least got a permanent engagement which, though an uncongenial one in many ways, enabled him to do good work: and after three more years he entered upon an ever-widening course of influence and reputation.

On leaving the Royal Academy of Music he found himself in a difficult position. He had no particular connection, musically. He could get no pupils for harmony or composition; and he was not a pianist or violinist in the sense of the professional teacher. He played the organ on and off, and applied for some organists' posts; but nothing definite resulted; and he was glad to avail himself of an invitation on the part of the Trinity College of Music to correct some

harmony examination papers at so much a hundred. He also picked up some jobs in the way of scoring other people's compositions—in other words playing ghost, a part which seems hardly suited to him. This, as everyone who has done anything of the sort knows, means practically supplying ideas to a considerable extent; since orchestral workmanship cannot exist apart from a continual interplay of subsidiary ideas with the main conceptions of the piece.

Amid all these anxieties, however, he kept his larger outlook. He went on with the scoring of *The Pearl of Iran*, and projected other big works—among them an opera for which he bullied me into doing the words "in a hurry" as always. He began the music; but, seeing no opening for opera, he gave it up. This view of opera he has not only maintained since, but has come to regard this art-form as an unsatisfactory hybrid, and to entertain for it a certain aversion. He, in fact, feels that the conventions it involves are too violently unnatural, and that the mind cannot really dwell upon and appreciate the drama and the music simultaneously: one or other must suffer.

At this time I used to see him about once a week, when I went into town. The approach to his study at Granville Place was a long dark passage near the top of the house, and immediately beneath the sometime "cricket-pitch": and I can still see Bantock's bulky figure filling up the doorway as he welcomes me in with a smile. The room was a tiny one, where you lived, as it were, in line-land. There was just enough space for a small pianette behind the door: his writing-desk was under the window: and cabinets of drawers were ranged along the right-hand wall leading to it. Here many a scheme was hatched, among others that of a

journal which actually ran for some years, and obtained a *succès d'estime* if not material success.

This was *The New Quarterly Musical Review*, which Bantock started on a capital of about £15, and which he managed and edited entirely on his own responsibility. Erskine Allon, since dead, Wallace, and I were associated in the scheme in a sense ; for we formed, with Bantock, the inner circle of the staff, and the last two edited during Bantock's absence in America. Of course no one was paid—it was hoped that would follow : and it will strike all as remarkable that Bantock was able to infect so many good men with his own ideas and induce them to contribute, when I state that men like Dr. Seidl, of Weimar, Mackenzie, Streatfeild, Newman, Rogers, Shedlock, Corder, H. Davey, Dr. Steggall, Abdy Williams, and Graves, wrote from time to time ; while Legge, Fuller Maitland, and Gilbert Webbe were regular contributors. I myself wrote the opening sonnet and Introduction, and one or two larger papers, besides ordinary reviews. The only article bearing Bantock's own signature was one (a significant fact) on *Confucianism and Music*. The magazine struggled on for three years ; but there was not a sufficient public ; and Bantock's absences from home made the work of carrying it on very difficult ; so that ultimately, in February, 1896, the enterprise was given up. It was a spirited attempt. The review was of the highest class, taking the status, for music, that the standard reviews such as the *Contemporary* and *Nineteenth Century* took for ordinary literature.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,

says Addison's hero ; but certainly, like him, this venture did more, and deserved it.

Before its relinquishment, however, as the reference to Bantock's absence in America will have suggested, he had secured some regular engagements. The first of these, a conductorship in a touring opera company, was obtained through a theatrical agent, and he went round the provinces for some weeks, under this contract, with the burlesque, *Little Boy Blue*. It was uncongenial work ; the music was far from his ideal ; he could get little time for his own writing ; and the constant travelling and effervescence of theatrical life grated upon him. However, it was the only thing to be done, and he had to make the best of it. Some of his experiences in finding "pro" lodgings were amusing ; and it seems that he had a curious way of providing for his bodily sustenance. On arriving at a new town, and securing his *pied-à-terre*, he would adjourn to the market, buy a huge cabbage, and present it to his landlady with instructions to serve it in instalments as long as it lasted.

This contract led to others of the same type but a stage higher, inasmuch as it introduced him to the Gaiety Company. He got an appointment as conductor in one of George Edwardes's touring companies, and went through the provinces on a fresh round with two or three pieces such as *The Gaiety Girl*, *Gentleman Joe*, and *In Town*.

One good thing, however, arose from all this. Edwardes determined to arrange a tour round the world with two or three pieces, including *The Gaiety Girl*, and Bantock was offered the post of conductor. The opportunity of seeing the world in this way was too good to be lost, in spite of the irksome nature of the occupation that made it possible ; and he accepted without hesitation. The pieces were played, during

1894–5, in various towns of America and Australia; and the experience of other lands, men, and manners made a great impression on Bantock's mind and broadened his outlook in many ways. He was especially delighted with Colombo, Honolulu, and Samoa, where they touched, though they did not play. He visited Niagara and received the orthodox thrills. I have a letter describing his sensations; but Niagara is now *vieux jeu*, and I refrain from quotations.

He met with one or two adventures during this tour. Perhaps the most striking was at San Francisco. He used sometimes to go, after the performance, to China-town; and on one occasion was returning late, when he was chased by some rowdies. He ran: they followed: revolver-shots ensued: he emerged into a main street, cannoned into a constable, and after explanations, he was only called a fool for being there so late alone.

In the circumstances of travel his inborn love of collecting curiosities and of animals was bound to assert itself, and he arrived home with a wonderful assortment of beasts and other properties of various kinds. When in Melbourne he scared everyone out of the hotel lounge by appearing with what looked like one of their deadliest snakes wound round his arm. It was one he had bought in Sydney, where an almost identical species is non-poisonous. He brought back, too, like the traditional sailor, a parrot. There were also an opossum and an Australian bear: but all these early *amours* were destined to end in loss. His most beloved acquisition was Nancy—or, more exactly, Nan-tsze—an ape which he bought in Sydney. Nancy used to walk the streets of Melbourne with him, holding his hand like a child. She would gambol in the tree-tops in the Botanical Gardens, but always returned at his whistle. Her

Simian Highness, however, got him into some difficulties. One day she escaped from his room in the hotel and found her way into the pantry, where she enjoyed herself by throwing down various piles of crockery—an amusement which resulted in a nice little bill for the conductor. I remember going up to his study just after his return, and being greeted by Nancy, who then fled to his shoulders. The young lady, however, was one day found swinging on the chandelier: the family did not approve of its new member, and Nancy retired to the Zoo.

Shortly after his return from this tour Bantock was engaged, in succession to Henry J. Wood, to take *Shamus O'Brien* round the provinces. This tour included not only the regular English round, but a number of Irish towns as well—Belfast, Waterford, Limerick, Cork, and Dublin. The first night was a terrible experience. A member of the band had been married during the day. All his comrades attended the wedding, and "passed the rosy," as Dick Swiveller says, so often that when they came to performance they were still in a hilarious condition; and—averse to taking life seriously—played scales or anything they fancied, instead of the parts set down for them, with results that may be imagined; while the management kept sending round to the front to know what they were doing.

It was about this time, also, soon after returning from America, that Bantock met and became engaged to the lady who afterwards became his wife—Miss Helen F. Schweitzer. She has written the words for many of his works, and has been of inestimable help to him in countless ways, besides showing her own powers as a poetess in a little volume issued about the time of their engagement, and also in the more mature collection of poems

entitled *A Woman's Love,* published in 1911. One of the first results, musically, of this engagement was the realisation of Bantock's long-cherished scheme of a series of *Songs of the East,* which now took definite shape, Miss Schweitzer undertaking to provide the poems.

With these songs we arrive at some of Bantock's really characteristic production. Naturally, in a collection of thirty-six songs some will be less interesting than others; but in all of the six albums there is fine and individual work; and while there may have been earlier isolated pieces cast somewhat in this mould, there had been no previous attempt on anything like this scale to bring the mental outlook and feeling of the East into European music; so that the publication is in its way an event.

Taking first the *Songs of Persia,* we find No. 2, *The Hymn of the Ghebirs* (i.e. a Hymn to the Sun, by the ancient Fire-Worshippers), which arrests the attention by its unusual idiom. No. 3 is named after *The Simurgh,* the fabulous bird of wisdom and might, that dwells amid the whirling winds of the desert-mountain, and is probably the original of the mysterious roc of the *Arabian Nights.* It will be remembered that when Aladdin, by the prompting of the disguised magician, demanded to have a roc's egg suspended from the dome of his palace, the genie was almost ready to slay him for having insulted his "master." The answer has puzzled many generations of children: but the reference seems to be to this mysterious genie-bird of wisdom and power. The song is full of the rush of monstrous wings and whirling winds; while the central portion hints at the glamour of the bird's magical treasures and wisdom. Perhaps the songs which appeal most directly

to the heart, however, are the two following ones. No. 4, *The Harem*, with its languorous atmosphere, its delicate arpeggios, and its passages constructed on an Eastern scale with two augmented seconds, is full of charm and conjures up the scene vividly before the mind. The song is a tragic one: the light of the harem is slain by a jealous rival: but the tragedy is not of the blood-and-thunder order, being suffused with tender beauty. The peculiar close at the end of the verse is especially characteristic. The next—No. 5, *Zal*, has the same kind of languid charm, but without the tragic element. Here we have a story like that of Rapunzel. The maiden lets down her long torrent of hair from her turret, fastening it above, and the prince—the nursling of the magical Simurgh, climbs up and kisses her—this happy *dénouement* being again portrayed by a characteristic Oriental passage with two augmented seconds.

In the *Songs of Egypt*, No. 1, *Invocation to the Nile*, No. 2, *The Unutterable*, and No. 3, *Bridal Song*, are all good. But the glory of this group is undoubtedly No. 5, *The Lament of Isis* (for the lost Osiris), with its deeply impressive pathos. One seems to feel here a foretaste of the poignancy of *I loved thee, Atthis*, in the *Sappho Songs*.

The first of the Chinese set is a highly picturesque *Song of the Bells*, constructed on three "changes," the last being a modified version of the first. Nos. 2, *Forsaken*, 3, *Love Song*, and 5, *Lullaby*, are pleasant, but not, perhaps, so charged with Oriental colour. Nos. 4, *In the Palace*, and 6, *War Song*, are mostly in unison, and characteristic, with a certain exotic bizarrerie.

The *Songs of Japan*, though dainty and pretty, are hardly so convincing, being rather more Western in phrasing and harmonisation: but the dance in the *Musumé's Song* (No. 1), has the true ring. To me, per-

sonally, the last, *The Song of the Sword*, is the most attractive.

Of the *Songs of India*, the first, *The Nautch Girl*, is full of colour and character, as also is No. 3, *By the Ganges*, which has since been published separately as *The Fire-Fly*. No. 5, *In the Village*, too, seems to call up a vision of an Indian pastoral settlement with the pungent odours of the smoke rising into the morning air. As suits the subject it is simple, being constructed upon two phrases slightly varied. The *Fakir's Song*, too, with its unresting movements, symbolising the soul hurried along in the whirlpool of rebirth, is characteristic. *The Prayer to Vishnu*, and the *Dirge*, also show a very distinct vein of Oriental imagination.

The *Songs of Arabia* preserve on the whole, I think, the most uniform level of excellence. No. 1, *The Meeting*, with its ceaseless ripple and flow,

> Where the water splashed and wandered,

mingled with the love-atmosphere that enrays the maid and the Arab chieftain, must prove attractive at once to any hearer. No. 2, *Lament*, is full of idyllic beauty of an Oriental cast. No. 3, *In the Desert*, calls up the scene vividly. No. 4, *The Nightingale's Song*, with its warbling lilt and throbbing passion ; No. 5, a vigorous *Chieftain's Battle-Song ;* and No. 6, *The Return*, with its eager triumph, are each in its own way fine. The last has been since issued by Breitkopf and Haertel as a duet ; and in this form, with its passionate responsive phrases, is even more captivating.

These songs have all been scored, and many are now a good deal sung. On the whole they form a fine body of work, and have helped to inoculate the West with the life of the East. Sometimes one feels that the use of

Western harmony seems to dim the vividness of the Oriental atmosphere: the songs were never intended, however, to be transcripts of Eastern music, but only to have a distinctive flavour in their treatment of Oriental scenes.

On his return from the *Shamus O'Brien* tour, Bantock was again becalmed, so to speak, and could find no fresh employment. He was tired to death of theatrical life, the continual travelling, and the lack of time for serious work, and wanted to find quiet employment. He would have taken an engagement, however, had one offered: but none was forthcoming. He tried to get harmony teaching at the Royal Academy of Music: they did not want him. He tried the Guildhall School of Music: they did not want him. Few things are so galling as to be conscious of real powers, and yet to be unable to find means of earning even a living. Week after week slipped by until—when six months had elapsed and he was still a "gentleman" in the sense of having no business in this world, and actually on his beam-ends—his eye fell upon an advertisement stating that a manager was wanted for some Pleasure Gardens, etc. In despair, thinking that music would not provide him even a bare living, he answered it, in the hope that his experience in the theatrical world might help him through. He received no answer, however, and just then another engagement did at last turn up. This was to conduct various pieces, *L'Enfant Prodigue* among them, at the Royalty Theatre, London. So far, this was an improvement, as it gave him more quiet time for work.

The chance advertisement, however, proved to be a turning-point in his career. For, after about six months, when he had forgotten all about it, he received a letter saying that his application had been considered: that

although a manager had been appointed they wanted a Musical Director ; and would he be willing to undertake the duties of this position ? The letter came from Mr. de Ybarrondo, who afterwards proved a good friend to Bantock, and the offer referred to The Tower, New Brighton, near Liverpool. The enterprise was a new one, and the buildings were in course of erection. It appeared to Bantock in much the same light as the offer of the Bournemouth authorities appeared to Dan Godfrey at about the same time. He hoped to do—and for a time actually did—something for real music under the conditions imposed. The authorities at New Brighton, however, proved less enlightened than those at Bournemouth ; and while the one organisation has gone on for some twenty years with growing reputation, the other had to be abandoned in the flush of its artistic success, and the orchestra reverted to its original status of an ordinary amusements band. As will have been gathered, then, from these remarks, he accepted the engagement, and, breaking away from his London work, went north.

Before this, however, Bantock announced, for December 15th, 1896, a concert at Queen's Hall, at which, with characteristic generosity, he gave, besides his own compositions, works by five other young English composers, viz., Wallace, Erskine Allon, Hinton, Hawley, and Steggall. A note in the programme sounded the pathetic cry of the artist in all ages, unable not only to win acceptance, but even to obtain a hearing. The idea of a clique among the composers represented is disclaimed, and the note goes on : " For the moment any spirit of commercialism is set aside, and the predominant desire has been to advance the cause of British music. When the National Picture Galleries of Europe and America compete with one another for paintings

by British artists, there is no reason why the concert-rooms of this country should be empty when native music is performed; and when that British composer whose coming we await, does arrive, it will be well for his fellow countrymen to be ready with the bread instead of waiting to place the traditional stone over his grave. Those whose privilege it is to go before, to form as it were the mere stepping-stones for the god who is to follow, have their little share in their life-time, even though they may be forgotten hereafter; they will continue to work in hope as long as earnestness brings no disgrace, and enthusiasm casts no slur."

It was in this spirit that the concert was given; but the result was almost a foregone conclusion. The public did not hurry forward with the bread, much less with the butter. Queen's Hall was nearly empty, though the affair was an artistic success. I can see even now H. J. Wood, then comparatively little known, as he came eagerly to congratulate Bantock in the artist's room after it was over; and it was here that I first met Miss Schweitzer.

Bantock's own pieces were the overture to *Eugène Aram*, an opera upon which he was then at work, but of which he only wrote a small portion, the *Songs of Arabia*, and *The Funeral*, from *The Curse of Kehama* cycle.

The last two items we have already discussed. The *Eugène Aram* overture produced a very favourable impression, and is a fine piece of work. The opening (B minor 4/4) is full of agitated syncopations, referring to the stormy and passionate nature of the man. But Bantock took of him the view indicated in Shakespeare's lines:

> There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Could men observingly distil it out,

and there is a good deal in the overture that is concerned with the better side of Aram's nature. Thus, before the actual crime is reached there are tender glimpses; and the second subject itself, an expressive melody in D for violins and clarinet, with triplet accompaniment in violas and 'cellos, evidently refers to the pleadings of his higher instincts against the meditated crime. This better impulse is interrupted by the sinister murder-theme in the brass. That dies down, however, and we reach a moment of false peace (ten bars *Molto lento*) before the fury of the psychological struggle is let loose in the "working." The murder-theme becomes ever more insistent, and at length, in a big climax, the deed is done. The music then dies away to a *pp*, as the man awakes to the reality of his action. Now follows, in E, and in place of the "return," the third principal subject representing the love of Aram's sweetheart who refuses to the last moment to believe in his guilt. A further passionate working follows in which this third theme soars to a splendid exaltation, with full orchestra, in B, mingling with the murder-theme which appears amid wild rushes for the strings, the whole forming a fine finale which, as Wallace says in his programme notes: "Brings a strikingly dramatic and imaginative work to a close."

Two other works written about this time call for some remark. The first is the suite for orchestra, *Russian Scenes*, which opens with a picturesque movement called *At the Fair*, the fair in question being the celebrated Nijni Novgorod market. The themes are racy, and the scoring full of life and colour. To say this last, which applies to the whole suite, is now becoming almost a platitude. In Bantock's hands the orchestra always sounds well. The skilful handling and interweaving of

the various strands of orchestral colour blend into a harmonious and homogeneous whole of iridescent hues. In this movement, *At the Fair*, the alternate bars of 2/4 and 3/4 about forty bars in have a striking effect: and still more is this the case with the five-bar rhythm in the middle section. The initial phrase is worked to more completeness on the return; and the movement ends with a brilliant *Presto*. Altogether, the stir, bustle, and barbaric life of the fair are vividly suggested. No. 2 is a bright and piquant *Mazurka*. A *Polka* follows, full of vitality and verve. The *Waltz*, No. 3, is founded on the initial phrase of No. 1. It has many good points, but to me personally is less interesting than the preceding movements, especially the first. Last comes a Cossack Dance which, with its arresting rhythm, again stimulates the interest and grips the mind. This rhythm consists of a succession of phrases made up of three bars of 3/4 followed by one of 2/4, which seems to represent two violent stamps in a barbaric dance, and which seizes the hearer and clinches the subject with forceful decision. Overlapping three-bar phrases follow in the second section: and this pictorial movement brings the suite to a stirring finish. The suite is a highly coloured and effective piece of work; and would be a suitable piece for many orchestras whose resources are not unlimited. It presents no unreasonable difficulties, and the orchestra consists only of the usual strings and wood with two horns, two cornets, three trombones, drums, bass-drum, and cymbals.

The remark just passed on the *Waltz* will perhaps have prepared the reader's mind for the fact that the other work is less successful. Just as the first and last numbers of the *Russian Scenes* are better than the less distinctively foreign polka, mazurka, and waltz, so

here. Bantock is at his best, usually, in subjects that have some exotic interest; and the companion-work, *English Country Scenes*, seems to belong to an inferior branch of the family. The scenes are *Pastorale* (the central portion of which consists of a duet for a drunken fiddler and piper who cannot keep together): a *Romance;* an *Intermezzo, In Fairyland;* a *Benedictus, in Church;* and a *Hornpipe*. As regards this suite Bantock is the unnatural father of melodrama, and is almost inclined to disown his inconvenient offspring. At any rate the work is not up to the level he had otherwise attained by this time, especially in the quality of its imagination.

The Queen's Hall concert was the culminating event in this painful four-years "episode in the life of an artist." The period was undoubtedly a very trying one while it lasted, but one cannot say that, in comparison with others, such as Schubert, for instance, Bantock was exceptionally unfortunate. The *res angusta domi*, at any rate, now ceased, and early in 1897 he left London and settled at New Brighton to take up his new duties.

CHAPTER V

NEW BRIGHTON, 1897–1900

Il faut cultiver notre jardin, says Voltaire at the end of *Candide ;* and if the garden be a wilderness which needs endless patient toil before it can be made to blossom like the rose—as was so often the case with the great monasteries—your born gardener feels a peculiar satisfaction, the joy of triumph in difficulties overcome, and of good work done for the world. Musically speaking, Bantock found New Brighton a wilderness ; and for a time he did make it blossom like the rose. The place was a pleasure resort, somewhat of the type of the Blackpool Winter Gardens, though on a smaller scale ; and the music actually provided at the time of his advent was an open-air military band. The buildings, however, were to be completed shortly, and there would then be an indoor ballroom orchestra to provide music for the dancers. Bantock's duties were to conduct these bands : such were the conditions into which he was now thrust. It would have been the end of many an ambitious career. I remember Edward German's walking up and down Hanover Square with me discussing the wisdom of accepting an offer to conduct a theatre band. I urged him to take it. Ultimately, after consultation with many friends, he decided to do so ; and it led to his getting in with Irving and doing the *Henry VIII* music, which gave him his real start. Bantock's case, however, was apparently far less hopeful. He had to conduct

waltzes, barn-dances, and such things, for five or six hours a day, Sundays included; i.e. the military bands played, on Sundays, music which was not exactly dance-music, but which was on about the same level of intelligence. There was apparently no possibility of anything more or higher: and it was only Bantock's irrepressible energy and hopefulness that enabled him to achieve as much as he did.

He began by fulfilling his duties punctiliously as military-band conductor, thus showing the management that he was thoroughly competent for his work. And then, with some caution, he raised the question of the indoor band, which might also, he suggested, be used for concerts of a somewhat different cast. By degrees, and more especially by the support and assistance of Mr. de Ybarrondo, whose official position on the directorate gave his opinions weight, these suggestions were acted upon. The band was formed; gradually enlarged; and in less than a year from the time of his arrival Bantock was conducting Sunday afternoon concerts at which music of the highest type was given. I turn to an old weekly programme for the week ending June 4th, 1898. There is dance-music every evening from 7.30 to 10; and there is also an afternoon programme from 2.30 to 5, that for Monday, May 30th, being as follows:

Coronation March ..	" Henry VIII " ..	*German*
Waltz ..	" Moonlight on the Rhine "	*Vollstedt*
Polka ..	" Chin Chin Chinaman "	*Kiefert*
Waltz ..	" Très joli " ..	*Waldteufel*
Selection ..	" The Geisha " ..	*Jones*
Waltz ..	" Blue Danube " ..	*Strauss*
Invitation à la Polka ..	..	*Thomé*
Galop ..	" Troïka Race " ..	*Damare*

This is a typical programme. On Friday, June 3rd, a special concert is announced, the programme of which is as follows:

Overture	" Egmont " ..	*Beethoven*
Elegy for Strings	.. ..	*Tchaikovsky*
Symphony in C ..	" Jupiter " ..	*Mozart*
Siegfried Idyll ..	.. ..	*Wagner*
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2		.. *Liszt*

For the following afternoon, Saturday, June 4th, a concert of a similar but somewhat less severe type is announced.

From these programmes a fair idea can be gathered of Bantock's occupations at this time. For the following Fridays, special items were announced, such as Dvořák's *New World Symphony*, Tchaikovsky's *"Pathetic" Symphony*, Rubinstein's *"Ocean" Symphony;* and there was a Beethoven Symphony Cyclus, as well as a Grand Wagner Concert. The transformation is astonishing: it is like a conjuring trick: you put a penny into the hat, and there comes out a forest of the most lovely roses, full of scent, colour, and freshness. How Bantock managed to win his way so far as to get this result out of an ordinary ballroom band, in the face of an unsympathetic Committee and Chairman, is a marvel; and, of course, it could not have been done at all without the support of the one man who really felt with him—Mr. de Ybarrondo.

But even this was not enough for his insatiable appetite. He conceived the idea of giving a series of concerts of the works of living composers, largely English, and where possible conducted by themselves. It seems incredible that the management of a small

local amusement hall with a theatre band should ever have consented to such a proposal; but the concerts took place: and the place became famous. The New Brighton Tower Concerts achieved a reputation in the musical world; and the idea spread to Bournemouth, where Mr. Dan Godfrey, with a more amenable governing body, has been able to carry it on over a long series of years. Almost as I write, in fact, he is celebrating, amid a distinguished gathering, the coming of age of his Bournemouth concerts. At New Brighton this sudden efflorescence of music was like the work of magic—a sort of Aladdin's Palace of Music that appeared in a night and vanished in a night.

First came a Cowen Concert (May 28th, 1899) conducted by the composer, and followed by Dvořák, Rubinstein, and French concerts. On June 25th there was a Stanford Concert, conducted by the composer, which was succeeded by a Berlioz Concert. Then came a Parry Concert, an Elgar Concert, a Corder Concert, and a Wallace Concert, all conducted by the respective composers. A Tchaikovsky Concert, a British Concert, and a German Concert followed: then a Mathieu Concert, and a Mackenzie Concert, the composers conducting: and the list was closed by a Liszt, a Belgian, and a Wagner Concert. Other men whose work Bantock brought to a hearing are Hinton, Hamish McCunn, Holbrooke, Bell, etc. These various composers stayed with Bantock, whose hospitable instincts would hear of no other arrangement; and in many cases the friendship thus formed has lasted for many years and ripened into a closer intimacy.

Another writer—whose first visit to England was due to Bantock—was Jean Sibelius, for whose work Bantock has a great admiration. At Bantock's invitation

Sibelius came over to conduct his first symphony at Liverpool; and the friendship thus begun has become closer with years. Sibelius dedicated his third symphony to Bantock; and at the time of the production of the fourth, at the Birmingham Festival of 1912, he stayed with Bantock and renewed the intimacy of former days.

As a not unnatural result of his position at New Brighton, Bantock was invited to take the post of conductor of the Runcorn Philharmonic Society, a position which he filled for some time. He has held many such offices at different periods, and has done excellent work in these conditions. His pioneer views have, however, sometimes urged him forward faster than the members of such societies were willing to be dragged—at his chariot-wheels, as it were; and this has led in some cases to disaster. He, of course, owing to the reputation earned by the New Brighton Concerts, formed many musical acquaintances in Manchester and Liverpool, and has conducted from time to time in both cities.

As a conductor he is especially characterised by readiness, resource, and rhythmical vitality, though he is not wanting in delicacy, or in the power of bringing out clearly all the points in the work under performance. He is especially averse to those who set themselves to produce new effects regardless of the original intentions of the composer. He is rather impatient, too, of the finicking, meticulous anxiety of some conductors, and prefers a more robust, simple, and virile style. He prefers to sit in an informal society and hear quartets tried through by good and understanding players, to going to formal concerts and hearing the over-refined renderings, which are only attained by endless rehearsals, with their consequent lack of vitality. He is fond of

saying that the test of a great conductor is not so much what he can do with a symphonic poem after weeks of laborious rehearsal, as what he will do if, suddenly, on an emergency, set to conduct an unknown work at a day's notice. If he can give a real interpretation in conditions like these, and show insight and sympathetic understanding, he has given the best possible proof of his capacity. Bantock is also willing to take practical conditions into consideration, and not to be too insistent in making demands that mean financial disaster. On one occasion the Liverpool Philharmonic had announced *Heldenleben*. When the date approached, however, the conductor was taken ill, and the Committee were in a serious quandary. They applied to Wood; but he required so many rehearsals as to make it impossible for monetary reasons to accept his proposals. They then asked Bantock if he would undertake the matter; and on consideration of the circumstances he agreed to do so, the resulting performance being a great success both artistically and financially.

The programme notes for these concerts at New Brighton, Liverpool, and the north generally, were written by Ernest Newman, who was at that time in a bank in Liverpool, and between whom and Bantock a sincere friendship was formed. A few years later he migrated to Birmingham at Bantock's invitation, and accepted a position on the staff of the Midland Institute School of Music, which he afterwards relinquished for purely critical work.

On March 9th, 1898, the marriage took place between Bantock and Miss Schweitzer; and their home was formed at Liscard, close to the river, and a pleasant journey from Liverpool by steamboat. For the wedding Bantock wrote a special *Wedding March*, a good piece

of work which, however, calls for no special remark. It was played by Dr. Steggall's son, Reginald. Although it involves a personal touch, I think my readers will pardon this, and be interested to learn that I sent a copy of Omar Khayyám's *Rubáiyát* as a wedding present —a seed which bore fruit. Some years afterwards, when I had congratulated him on the production of his *Omar* (Part I), Bantock wrote to me: "Many thanks for your kind congratulations. It was your copy of *Omar* that I have used throughout, and I am most grateful to you for my first acquaintance with the glorious old sage. I might say that I have had the intention of setting the poem ever since your kind present reached us, but I have only been able to realise my wish at this present occasion. Therefore I hold you as sponsor or godfather to my child. Pray for his sins" (October 10/06). Bantock still possesses this copy, full of marks and notes as to his intentions for musical treatment: but amid the gorgeous array of fine copies that he now possesses—copies in Persian, copies with pictures of all sorts, *éditions de luxe*, and what not—this humble little copy bound in vellum cuts a sorry figure and looks like a poor relation.

The first child of this marriage was an orchestral work, the *Helena Variations;* but four others, in the ordinary sense, have arrived in due course. The *Helena Variations* were produced by the Liverpool Orchestral Society at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool. They show conclusively, I think, that his marriage had stirred Bantock to the depths of his nature. Many will prefer this to any other of his works. They are usually concerned with outside ideas, if one may put it so. *Omar*, it is true, deals with various illustrations of a philosophy which appeals very strongly to Bantock: but still

such illustration is comparatively external work. The *Helena Variations* are more psychological, and go more into the inner recesses of man's nature, because into his own feelings in particular, at a time when those feelings were exceptionally and profoundly moved. The dedication speaks of the variations as " thoughts and reflections on some of your moods during a wearisome absence " ; and I do not think there is elsewhere in Bantock's writings so intimate a piece of work.

They are hardly variations in the usual sense of the word. The first strain of twenty-four bars is followed by Variation I, it is true : but the variations do not generally follow out the whole phrase, being concerned mainly with fresh groupings and developments arising from the motto-phrase H (B♮), F, B (B♭)—Mrs. Bantock's initials. The work is full of resource, technically speaking, and shows great variety of treatment, though there is always a certain note of serious brooding which, as I have said, does not appear so clearly elsewhere, before or since. The actual notes H, F, B, do not always appear. As the music gets into other keys the phrase founded on the initials is accepted for the notes themselves ; and sometimes, of course, the connection is a little abstruse. But throughout the work the motto is never far off : one feels it as a gracious presence near one, though one cannot always hear the actual tones. One feels and hears

> . . . the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still—

though in the present case fortunately the separation was only temporary.

The motto is first whispered out by the violins alone : bassoons and horns join in : then the rest of the strings.

Variation III is somewhat lighter in character, though the fact of absence seems to cast a certain seriousness even over thoughts of mirth. No. IV is remarkable in Bantock's work for showing an influence very unusual with him, that of Brahms. I do not suggest any actual reminiscence; but there is, to my mind, a feeling of Brahms's serious moods here. No. V is lighter-hearted; No. VI agitated, with the motto hinting its presence everywhere. No. VII is sad, with its serious horn-strains against the figure in the basses. At the beginning of VIII we get an anticipation of the Bantock of *Omar*. No. XI is sorrowful and delicately scored; the imitational passage for tuba and trombones is a striking point. The variation ends with a melancholy phrase dying away in first violins alone, and leading into No. XII, the finale, which is triumphant and impassioned, looking forward to the approaching reunion with joy and exultation. The work is scored for ordinary orchestra, and presents no great difficulties.

About this time came Bantock's first appearance at a Festival. The work was an orchestral one—*Saul, a Symphonic Overture*, and was produced at the Chester Festival of 1897. It is scored for large orchestra, and bears the motto: "And all the people went to Gilgal; and they made Saul king before the Lord in Gilgal" (1 Sam. xi. 15). The grave opening for brass, followed by the string tremolando with an agitated figure in the bass, while trumpets blare with ever-increasing vehemence—all this seems to suggest the general idea of kingship and the increasing desire and expectation of the people. After this introduction comes the movement proper, *Allegro con anima* (C minor, 6/8), an agitated subject for strings, wood, and horns, which presents the tempestuous side of Saul's nature, and his

jealous unrest. Some thirty bars in, a passage for horns and trumpets, followed by full orchestra, hints at the stronger side of his character and his masterful decision. Still later comes a touch of the dreamy and poetical moods, changing at times to a certain black melancholy, to which, we are told, he was liable. With the second subject (*Andante*, E♭, 2/4) we have the better influence of David, who, with his harp-playing, calms Saul's dark moods. Browning's portrayal of the scene is well known. David tells how he entered the tent and found the king erect, with arms stretched wide —" so agonised Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb :

" Then I tuned my harp—took off the lilies we twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide, those sunbeams like swords :
And I first played the tune all our sheep know as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done."

Various other tunes follow till at last Saul's dark mood melts away. Browning's poem was not in Bantock's mind when writing ; but it may help one to realise the gist of the music. After this quieter mood, the passionate agitation returns ; but a sweep of the harp-strings again lulls it, till it is finally subdued, and the strong self-control of the idea of kingship, as given at the opening, again appears, this time on the organ (*Maestoso*, 2/2). Here follows a portion which occasioned some little difficulty at the time. In the *development* is a picturesque section (*Allegretto*, G minor, 3/4) depicting a procession of Israelites with the Ark. The chief part is an oboe solo on the Eastern scale with two augmented seconds : and, as is very natural in such a scene, a triangle is employed. This gave offence to the authorities as unsuitable to a cathedral ; and after

some controversy, the triangle part had to be omitted. At the *return*, Saul's feverish jealousy against David reappears, and becomes more and more violent. He is still capable of more reasonable moods, however, and the second subject (David's influence), when it occurs in the retrospect, is extended and more elevated in tone. So the struggle goes on between the better and worse sides of Saul's nature; and the work ends (*Grandioso*) with kingly restraint and strength.

Bantock, with his instinct for large designs, now planned (1897–8) and, amid all the whirl of his conducting duties, actually carried out, a vast work entitled *Christus, a Festival Symphony*. It was a huge undertaking which was not completed till August, 1901, after his migration to Birmingham. It is in ten parts, entitled respectively, *Nazareth, The Wilderness, The Woman of Samaria, Jerusalem, The Mount of Olives, The Paschal Eve, Gethsemane, The Judgment, Calvary, Epilogue*. The work is written for chorus, soloists, organ, and large orchestra; and occupies 654 pages of score. In many places, however—for instance, in the unaccompanied choruses—there are two or three lines to a page; so that if written throughout in full score it would be well over 700 pages. I do not propose to go into the work in detail. Bantock is not satisfied with it; and it has never been performed as it stands, though two portions have been taken out, practically re-written, and produced at festivals, as will be duly recorded when the time comes. It will be more convenient, however, to discuss the work as a whole here. The two parts referred to are *Christ in the Wilderness*, and *Gethsemane*. The first of these two opens with an orchestral prelude, which is itself ushered in by the two chief motifs of the work, Resolution and Faith. Follow-

ing this prelude comes a *recitative* telling how Jesus withdrew himself into the wilderness. An orchestral symphony of 459 bars then deals with his meditations during this period ; and is succeeded by a *Mystic Chorus*, in eight parts unaccompanied, in which there is much fine and impressive work. A very attractive *Air* follows, with more than a touch of Oriental colouring, to the words, *The wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice.* No. 6, the Epilogue, *Arise, Shine*, is for eight-part chorus and orchestra, and is a broad and elevated piece of writing, founded on the Epilogue of *Christus*. The work is full of fine musicianly qualities, as will be expected by all who know the lofty standard Bantock sets before himself, and the high level he maintains.

Much the same may be said of the other " Episode from the life of Christ "—*Gethsemane*. The plan too is similar, though on a somewhat smaller scale. Here we have, first, a Prelude of about eighty bars. Then a *recitative—Then cometh Jesus to a place called Gethsemane*, etc. No. 3 is a symphonic representation of His thoughts and feelings, one place being marked, *The Agony*. The cry for the removal of the cup is given in words, as also is the interlude, *Why sleep ye ? Rise and pray*. This is succeeded by the *Prayer*, which is broken into by the eight-part unaccompanied chorus, *While yet he spake, lo Judas !*—and the Betrayal Scene follows. The eight-part finale, *Fear thou not, for I am with thee*, is broad in conception, and has, as a centre-piece, a daring reversion to old plain-song methods which is very striking.

And yet, in spite of the high musicianly qualities of the work, one cannot but feel that Bantock is here not moving in his natural element. He has been de-

flected from his true orbit. He is writing as an artist, produces good artistry, and contends that any subject can be, and should be, undertaken from that point of approach. It is an important issue, and one which is well worth some little discussion.

It is true that an artist must work as an artist; and unless he do this his work must fail; for no amount of good intentions will make great art if the technique be faulty. Perhaps, however, that should be modified to *faulty according to the standard of its time;* for Fra Angelico's pictures, to take one instance only, are great art in spite of their technical limitations. The art of the artist, however, must not be too self-conscious: it must have become second nature before he is ready to deal with great themes and yet produce a feeling of sincerity. But, in addition to that, the subject he deals with *must be an integral part of his own nature;* if he feel it to be to some extent alien, this is almost sure to make itself felt. The same is the case, too, in the representation of character. This can be achieved by the dramatic poet as a matter of artistry, in a sense: but he should not think of the matter so, at the time of creation. His technique should have become instinctive: he should think, consciously, only of the Idea. Besides that, it should be noted that the character represented must be *an aspect of himself*, i.e. one side of his own ampler nature. Hamlet, Romeo, Falstaff, Brutus, Cleopatra, Imogen, are all facets of the infinitely larger nature of Shakespeare. He is the myriad-minded man, the man of many aspects. It is true that a dramatist sometimes represents a hero whose character seems greater than his own: but he is potentially the larger nature, though his imagination may present a moral standard which he has not yet actually attained.

The perfection he bodies forth has not yet passed into his own character through the action of will and deed, though it is there in reserve in his subliminal nature.

This accounts for the unsatisfactory effect frequently produced by novelists and dramatists when they try to represent the great men of history. The character is not truly part of themselves: in many cases he is far larger and ampler than themselves: and they cannot, therefore, think with his brain, feel with his heart, and speak with his voice. So clearly has this come to be realised that the better novelists have given up the attempt to make the great characters of history speak and act. Tennyson's Arthur is a failure. Tennyson was—if I may be allowed an American slang phrase—biting off more than he could chew. Think, too—to take another instance—of Plato, as represented in Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*. Landor was very far from being able to think with Plato's brain.

A great deal, however, may be done by severe reserve and restraint. Bach, in dealing with Christ in the *Matthew Passion*, was dealing with the object of his sincerest and most heartfelt devotion—a devotion that had become a passion; for his work is full of the sort of devotion that we find in Thomas à Kempis. Yet Bach, with all his technical resource, limits himself sternly. He deals with Christ only in the simplest, almost archaic manner. When Christ speaks, it is in *recitative*, his words being surrounded by an aureole, as it were, in the strings, instead of the usual harpsichord accompaniment. And in the case of larger utterances, they are given to the chorus. There is no attempt to treat the character dramatically. The effect is rather that produced by the vast mosaic portraits in some cathedrals, e.g. that grand archaic figure in the apse

of Monreale, that dominates the whole church. Those who are students of biblical literature will follow me with understanding, if not all with agreement, when I say that the same failure is apparent even in the Bible itself. John's Gospel is full of speeches put into the mouth of Christ, which do not, I think, and many critics think, ring true. They are usually founded upon some profound germinal phrase—which appears to be one of the traditional *logia*—which they amplify, and usually weaken. We find long speeches embodying the writer's platonising philosophy: we do not find the profound insight of some of the short sayings in the synoptics, where we seem to have authentic *logia* preserved.

Well, if success be so difficult, it is hardly surprising that in the case before us one cannot feel that it has been altogether attained. To me, personally, the effect produced is rather that given by Renan's amiable and pathetic figure of Jesus, than that of the exalted Personality who—in one way or another—has actually affected the world's history though he is still so little understood. Some say that this was Paul's doing: but Paul was transformed by the Idea of Christ. As music, the two little works are fine and interesting—all will admit so much; and no doubt to many they will make their own appeal on the psychological side also. These are my own personal views, which I give for what they are worth: doubtless there will be differences of opinion on the subject; and each hearer must form his own conclusions, which will be influenced largely by his views and feelings with regard to the Personality who forms the central idea at the heart of the works under consideration. With the oratorio as a whole, Bantock, as I have said, is dissatisfied, feeling that his technique has not been adequate to the subject. He has there-

fore withheld it from publication, only using it as a basis for these more finished portions, whose production will be chronicled in the proper place.

During part of the time when *Christus* was being written Bantock was engaged also on the first of his really large scores, embodying a symphonic poem on the subject of Southey's *Thalaba the Destroyer.* Its appeal to Bantock's mind will be easily understood when the nature of the poem is considered. It is a fantastic story, perhaps deserving the higher epithet *imaginative;* though such scenes as those in the "Domdaniel" or hell of the sorcerers, with their apparatus of teraphs, dead hands, warm skulls, etc., are hardly of the loftiest type of imagination. The Gardens of Irem, the fabulous Bird of Wisdom—the Simorg—and all kinds of miraculous events, play their parts. Thalaba is a youth whose father has been slain by the powers of evil, since they hoped to destroy in him the great enemy of their race. Thalaba himself is, however, in reality the destined one; and the murder of his father only brings their own doom the nearer. He is thenceforth a being set apart:

> . . . "Remember, Destiny
> Hath marked thee from mankind." (Book I.)

He is to avenge his father's death by extirpating the whole race of the sorcerers. It sounds rather crude, and like the pitiless creed of the vendetta among the Corsicans. And certainly it is dangerous doctrine. Personal and private vengeance is only too ready in all ages to masquerade as a holy zeal for the destruction of the foes of God. It is only just to add, therefore, that before the consummation is reached Thalaba at least *thinks* that this element of personal vengeance is

conquered and eliminated: and the poet evidently intends us to understand that he was not self-deceived.

Turning now to the musical treatment of the story, we may give the composer's intentions, as quoted by Mr. Newman in his programme notes at the time of the production of the work: "The composer has in view a form of musical expression in which the orchestra may be regarded as a canvas upon which various pictures illustrating certain characters and situations in a given poem are depicted according to the development of the plot. Prominent ideas and dramatic episodes are associated with the themes, and there is hardly a phrase or modulation without its special significance tending to the elucidation of the subject. . . . Thalaba is the prototype of the man who meets and combats adversity, and, crushing the serpent-brood of his own lower passions, finally triumphs through self-annihilation. . . . The spiritual influences leading his soul to the heights of aspiration and noble endeavour are typified first by the spirit of his mother, and second, by the spirit of Oneiza, the Arabian maiden, under whose father's care his childhood was spent in the desert solitude. That earthly love may not distract him from his allotted task, Oneiza dies upon their wedding night, and her spirit is henceforth his guiding star. Here we have the ascetic ideal: the body must suffer and die that the soul may live. Chastened by his anguish, Thalaba goes forth, "straight on, with Destiny his guide," and through strange ordeals and temptations reaches the goal at last. But death alone can complete his work; and, in the final and supreme surrender of his will to Heaven, death brings him victory." Such were the ideas under whose influence Bantock worked; and he carries them out and embodies them with musicianly skill.

I have said that this was the first of the really large scores. Even this, however, is not on the scale of the score of *Omar*. The instruments employed are such as now constitute the ordinary festival orchestra. The opening (*Mesto, lugubre*) consists of an evil and menacing passage for brass, representing the sorcerers in their abode (or "Domdaniel") under the Roots of the Ocean. Against this, however, as if to foreshadow at once the overcoming of evil, appears a figure in the basses, from which springs the second subject, the theme representing Oneiza, his belovèd Arabian maiden and good genius, mentioned above. Following this comes a vigorous semi-quaver passage (*Animato*) representing Thalaba himself; and immediately after, a theme in the horns (*ff*), marked with the motto quoted above:

"... Remember, Destiny
Hath marked thee from mankind."

This may be conveniently called the Destiny theme, and is used a good deal during the course of the piece. Upon this follows a melody for violins (fourth string) representing one of the spiritual aspects of Thalaba's nature, and which also plays some part in the sequel. Then, after another reference to the more energetic will-element in him, we reach the end of the introductory portion, and enter upon the main movement, at the *Allegro con fuoco*, with this energetic motif in the strings. It is not long before the "Destiny" theme is added; and this becomes more and more insistent till we arrive at the second subject, *Moderato sostenuto*, a tender and somewhat melancholy melody on a scale with two augmented seconds. It is given mostly to wood-wind at first, but 'cellos and violas are soon

interwoven, and it is gradually taken up by all the wood and strings. The theme is founded on the phrase mentioned above as appearing at the opening, and represents the Arab maid Oneiza, one of the strongest influences for good in Thalaba's life. All the material is now before us, and we need not enter into further detail: Bantock's intentions are sufficiently explained in his own words quoted above. The evil is finally overcome; but there is not much triumph for Thalaba; he is exhausted by the struggle, and dies victorious but grief-stricken.

The work is forcible and musicianly. The way the large orchestral forces are handled is remarkable; and though Bantock now feels that he has left it some way behind, for the time when it was written it was quite striking; and it would still be an effective concert-piece. It was produced at the London Musical Festival, May, 1900, under Wood; and has been performed at Antwerp (February, 1901) and at Liverpool (February, 1902) under Bantock's own baton.

The next work—a Tone-Poem, *The Witch of Atlas*—shows a distinct advance in one respect. The quality of its imagination is finer and subtler. The somewhat heavy German cast of thought is being sloughed away, and we get a more delicate and poetical atmosphere, more distinctively English, evidently inspired by the ethereal genius of Shelley, and reflecting the peculiar quality of his poem. The opening, *Lento molto e tranquillo*, which has for its motto:

> A lady-witch there lived on Atlas mountain
> Within a cavern by a secret fountain;

is a fine ethereal conception. It would perhaps be misleading to say that the instrumentation is surer: and

yet in a sense this is the fact. Instrumentation at its truest can really not be separated from the ideas it embodies, but is the one inevitable incarnation of those ideas: the idea and the form are one. And this is the case here. The cast of the ideas being finer, the instrumentation is involved with them. Tremolando violins, with a touch of the harp, and a solo violin soaring above, answered after a few bars by the *cor anglais*, create a delicate and subtle vision, as it were. Other wood-wind gradually join in, then solo 'cello; and the music gradually descends to the lower register of the strings till, at bar 32, we reach the second section:

> 'Tis said she was first changed into a vapour,
> And then into a cloud, such clouds as flit
> Like splendour wingèd moths about a taper,
> Round the red west when the sun dies in it.

Sustained chords for muted trombones, with harp arpeggios, and a fragment of the first subject (the Lady) for solo viola, answered by solo violin, open this section. It is carried on by elaborately divided strings, solo violin, solo viola, solo oboe and horn, and is full of delicate poetical suggestiveness. At bar 59 comes the third section:

> And old Silenus, shaking a green stick
> Of lilies, and the wood-gods in a crew
> Came blithe, as, in the olive-copses thick,
> Cicadae are, drunk with the noonday dew;
> And Driope and Faunus followed quick,
> Teasing the god to sing them something new;
> Till in the cave they found the lady lone,
> Sitting upon a seat of emerald stone.

There is less of the Silenus element than some might expect from Bantock's later work: indeed he and his rout are only just hinted at in a quiet passage of semi-quaver repeated chords for wood-wind and trumpets,

pp. And it is a sure instinct that has led the composer to this restraint, as any enlarging on this idea would have thrown the picture out of focus. His imagination is more concerned with the olive-copses, the noonday dew, the beauty of the assembled gods, and of the lady in the magic cavern, upon her seat of emerald ; and this is expressed in a suave melody, an expansion of the first subject (the Lady), streaming out in the strings against tremolando wood-wind.

The next section (bar 98) tells how the nymphs and shepherdesses came marvelling at the beauty of the Lady. There is a fresh figure of semi-quavers in the wood-wind, but the main subject is still the original phrase for the Lady, who is the central figure of the whole picture. At bar 137 we have a fresh subject of great beauty, still dwelling upon this central idea :

> For she was beautiful : her beauty made
> The bright world dim ; and everything beside
> Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade.

Here we have a long-drawn melody for four horns, accompanied by divided strings, with touches of the harp ; the melody being taken up later by violins in the upper register. This passes into the next section almost imperceptibly ; in fact the two are practically interfused.

The next portion, however, is more distinctive. It is marked *Marziale con anima*, and illustrates with much pomp and pageantry of sound the following stanza :

> And then she called out of the hollow turrets
> Of those high clouds, white, golden, and vermilion,
> The armies of her ministering spirits :
> In mighty legions, million after million,
> They came, each troop emblazoning its merits
> On meteor-flags ; and many a proud pavilion
> Of the intertexture of the atmosphere
> They pitched upon the plain of the calm mere.

Following upon this, a long harp cadence leads to the last piece of fresh imagery, where the Lady gives to the most beautiful of her adorers a magic drink which fills them with a fuller, larger life. Here the melody used is a fresh presentment of the subject for horns which is mentioned above as occurring at bar 137, and which may almost stand as a motif of beauty itself. This leads to a resumption of the delicate opening ; and the whole dies away like a vision.

The work was produced at the Worcester Festival of 1902. It is of extreme beauty, and ought to be in continual request. English orchestral works are singularly neglected : but here is one that would repay any conductor, and that is not beyond the powers of good orchestras such as are now not uncommon. It requires delicacy of playing, and imagination, certainly ; but the passages present no great difficulty. It is scored for ordinary large orchestra.

Another piece belonging to this period is the *Elegiac Poem* for 'cello and orchestra. It is on an altogether smaller scale, being merely a *pièce d'occasion*, and running only to some 112 bars ; but it is a fine piece of work, and very effective in performance. The score is small, having only two horns in addition to strings and wood ; but the most is made of the resources employed, and the tone-colour is rich and full. The piece opens in D, *Molto lento e sostenuto*. A fresh phrase, *Molto piu mosso*, in B minor, follows, the violins giving out a new melody which is then taken up by the 'cello. After this comes an *agitato* passage in C♯ minor, in which, however, the accompaniments are kept down sufficiently to allow the not very powerful 'cello tone to come through. The mood then becomes quieter again, and a fresh 'cello melody appears, *Meno mosso, piu tranquillo*,

in E. So the changeful feelings succeed each other as in elegiacs generally, as different thoughts of the lost friend come to one's memory. A noticeable point occurs at the return to D, where the main subject is given out by 'cello, imitated by clarinet a tone higher, resumed by 'cello a tone higher, and again imitated by oboe a tone higher still, the mind seeming to dwell with ever-increasing vehemence on the beloved memory. After a cadence for the solo instrument, a peaceful coda speaks of resignation in the sense of loss. The piece is effectively written for the instrument, and, along with the still finer *Sapphic Poem*, of which we shall speak later, forms a valuable addition to the 'cello *répertoire*. The score is published by Joseph Williams and Co.; and an arrangement for 'cello and pianoforte has been issued by the same firm edited by Willy Lehmann, the 'cellist, with whom Bantock formed a friendship a year or two later, at Birmingham.

Thus went on Bantock's more intimate work, in ever-increasing volume and fineness of structure. His external work, meanwhile, was in a less satisfactory condition. He was receiving recognition in more ways than one, and his old *alma mater* complimented him with the title F.R.A.M. But the divergence of views between him and the management at New Brighton gradually became more clearly defined. Mr. de Ybarrondo was obliged, for various reasons, to resign from the Board of Directors; and the Chairman—his influence removed—became more and more hostile. He viewed The Tower, New Brighton, purely as a business affair: Bantock was trying to make it subserve his artistic aims. It is easy to see that the situation had become impossible, and Bantock began to look round for other employment. By this time his reputation, and that of his concerts,

were fully established ; and it was not long before he received offers from two sources. The Birmingham and Midland Institute had some years before added a music school to their educational organisation ; but this music school had never had an official Principal, though Mr. Stockley had occupied the post of conductor, and that of a sort of unofficial quasi-principal. It was now decided to have a regular Principal, and to organise the School of Music on a more complete and careful plan. Elgar had recently been a good deal associated with the musical life of Birmingham, largely owing to the production of some of his vocal works in that city. Thus it came about that, mainly through Elgar's influence, the position of Principal of the Midland Institute School of Music was now offered to Bantock. The other offer was that of a position on the staff of the Royal Academy of Music. Bantock took some time to think the matter over, as the choice was an important one ; but he finally decided that he would have opportunities wider and more varied in an organisation whose musical policy was as yet not very clearly defined, and whose position was still to be achieved, than he would as one among many, and with purely professional duties, in an already established Institution. He therefore concluded to accept the post at Birmingham ; and conveyed his decision to the Royal Academy of Music in the words of Milton already referred to :

> Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.

Before he went to his new sphere of action, however, one more undertaking claimed his co-operation. A concert of British music had been organised to be given at Antwerp, and this he had undertaken to conduct. It took place in February, 1900. The programme included

some of his own works, among them *Jaga-naut* of the Kehama cycle, which won a warm reception, and was repeated about a year later at a Philharmonic Concert in March, 1901.

Shortly afterwards Bantock took a final leave of New Brighton, receiving from his orchestra an address regretting his loss, and acknowledging the fine work he had done. As was inevitable, the band relapsed to their original status as an ordinary amusements band. Bantock, meanwhile, proceeded to Birmingham, settled in a house at King's Norton, and after the summer vacation, in September, 1900, entered upon his new responsibilities at the Midland Institute.

CHAPTER VI

BIRMINGHAM (PART I) MIDLAND INSTITUTE, 1900, CONDUCTING, ETC., SONGS, 'CELLO PIECES, GREEK PLAYS, CHORAL WORKS, *OMAR*, 1906–9

THE Birmingham and Midland Institute was incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1854, at the instance of the Municipality. The foundation-stone was laid by the Prince Consort, and the Institute has had a long series of distinguished Presidents, among them Charles Dickens, Huxley, Kingsley, Tyndall, Dean Stanley, Max Müller, Froude, Russell Lowell, Seeley, Sullivan, and Freeman. The Institute is a sort of combination of club and educational establishment. Not that there are arrangements for dining; but the weekly lectures for members only, the reading-rooms, Chess Club, and various societies, give a tinge of the club-element. The educational value of the Institute has been great. It has been a sort of forerunner to make straight the paths of the University: and, though the University has now appeared, has still its own distinctive work to do. Evening classes for such as cannot conform to university conditions have provided, and do provide, invaluable means of education, and some flavour of university life. For the numbers are large; and social intercourse combines with the influence of various allied societies to give the students an emulation and an *esprit de corps* which private classes can hardly arouse. History, literature, mathematics, languages, commercial

subjects, art, and science, were taught from the first. The Art Department set up for itself, later, as the Municipal School of Art. The Municipal Technical School is another child of the Institute. And the School of Music, which was inaugurated in a tentative way some years before Bantock's advent, is now known throughout England as *the* School for the Midlands. There are at present some 2250 students, of whom nearly 1000 belong to the School of Music.

When Bantock came to Birmingham in September, 1900, as Principal of the School of Music, the duties of his office were not very clearly defined, since he was the first to fill this position, and he had to make his status for himself. The governing bodies consisted of President, Vice-President, Council, Committees, and Secretary, which last office was held by Alfred Hayes, the poet, with whom Bantock formed a cordial intimacy. During the last year or two a reorganisation has taken place, and Mr. Hayes has been appointed Principal of the Industrial Side of the Institute. Other members of the organisation with whom Bantock formed ties of friendship were W. M. Gibbons, at present Registrar of Sheffield University, and H. M. Francis, now Secretary of the Institute. One of Bantock's first acts on taking up his office was to move for the appointment of Elgar as Visitor of the School of Music, a position which he accepted and still holds.

A complete musical education can now be obtained at the School of Music. The collective classes for rudiments, ear-training, harmony, and counterpoint have proved of great service in raising the general musical average of the district. Bantock's influence, as might be expected, has been exercised steadily in the direction of fostering modern music; and lectures on Strauss,

Debussy, Sibelius, etc., have been given by Newman and others. The orchestra is under Bantock's personal direction, and the list of works performed since his coming is a fine one, many modern pieces being included. There have also been full performances of Gluck's *Orfeo*, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and *Iphigenia in Tauris*, as well as the greater part of *Die Zauberflöte*, entirely by the students. During the last few years, too, Bantock has conducted a composition class which is free to any student who shows himself capable of profiting by it. Here they meet, on equal terms, university students to whom, also, the class is open; and this intercourse is of benefit to both alike, and constitutes a link between the two institutions. Much promising work has resulted, a good deal even showing actual attainment, and all being, of course, of the modern type.

This appointment led to Bantock's being invited to accept the post of Conductor to the *Birmingham Amateur Orchestral Society*, which went on for some time under his direction, but finally found the pace he set too great, and succumbed. He was also appointed conductor of the *Worcester Philharmonic Society*, in succession to Elgar. Here, too, history repeated itself. These societies all played the part of Mazeppa to Bantock's wild steed—"A Tartar of the Ukraine breed," as Byron has it—and found the speed a killing one. Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* was too great a strain on this society's powers of endurance, and they, too, gave up the ghost. The *Liverpool Orchestral Society*, as already described, gave *Heldenleben* in 1904. Bantock was then appointed conductor, and they proved to be of firmer mettle. They stuck to their guns, and fought a slowly losing battle for some years till they, too, finally went under. Another society whose conductorship Bantock

undertook was the Wolverhampton Festival Choral, here for the second time in succession to Wood. This society gave the first provincial performance (after the production at Birmingham) of *The Dream of Gerontius*, under Bantock's direction. He found the duties too much of a tax, however, in addition to his other work, and resigned after three years. Shortly after his settlement at Birmingham a second concert of British music was organised at Antwerp (1901), and Bantock's services were again in demand as conductor. Some of his work was given on this occasion also, with great success.

Such were the conditions in which Bantock's lot was now cast, and amid which his work was to be done. Looking at that work broadly, we may regard him as having reached, with this Birmingham period, his own maturity. The Birmingham sun is perhaps not the most genial to art : but it was here that his grain ripened and that he gathered in his harvest. A man's mature work reveals the structure of his mind in its larger aspects as well as in its more individual features : in discussing the work of this time, therefore, we will change our plan somewhat. This work separates itself readily into broadly defined masses ; and we shall get a more perspicuous view by considering these, each as a whole, and in relation to each other, than by the chronological method that has hitherto sufficed.

The difficulty of gathering from his writings the views and mental outlook of a dramatic poet has frequently been enlarged upon : and certainly it is easy to go astray and follow false scents in this quest of the dramatist's central personality. And yet there are some broad principles which may guide us even here. Where authorities are altered, for instance, we may find

a clue. Omissions, too, sometimes tell us much : silences speak eloquently. But, especially, where a particular type of subject, or a tendency towards some particular conclusion appears as a common trait throughout a considerable body of work, we may fairly suspect that we have found a hint as to the writer's mentality. But if this be so with the dramatist, much more is it the case with the lyrical poet or musician. Sometimes he, too, writes dramatically, it is true, as in the instance of Browning's *Dramatic Lyrics:* but normally he is uttering his own emotions—passing moods, possibly, but still his own personal views and feelings. And if we find large masses of his work tinged with the same cast of thought, we may be pretty sure we are gaining an insight into the writer's mental outlook. Songs give a clue to the mental calibre of a composer in another way. The man who contentedly sets the trivialities which are sent round to us in sheaves by the writers of lyrics for the average popular song, unconsciously fulfils Dogberry's aspiration and writes himself down an ass.

I. Bantock's work, in the period to which we have now come, is most interesting in these respects. We find a predominant vein of thought. The mass of songs which we now proceed to discuss, the 'cello pieces, and the choral works, including *Omar*, show mostly the same broad tendency : and it is one which is characteristic of Bantock's mind. The philosophy of Hafiz is much the same as that of Omar Khayyám. Sappho, while not so conscious of philosophical views, has ideas of life which are based upon much the same foundation : and the case of the Browning songs, which seems at first sight to run counter to this view, in reality confirms it, as we shall see later.

The first two sets of songs with which we have to deal

—the *Seraglio Songs* and the *Jester Songs*—do not throw any very striking new light upon our subject. The *Songs of the Seraglio* follow up the same vein that Bantock had already so successfully worked in the earlier *Songs of the East*. There are four numbers in the album, the poems being by Mrs. Bantock: and we have here, both in words and music, the intense eroticism suffused with an Eastern atmosphere and idiom, which we find later carried to an enormously higher power of beauty, range, and exaltation, in the *Sappho Songs*. No. 1, *The Odalisque*, opens with a characteristic Eastern phrase on the scale with two augmented seconds. There is a middle section, rather less picturesque, and the first part is repeated. No. 2, *A Persian Love-Song*, is less like the earlier Eastern songs in idiom. There is less actual harmony: in its place, there are wavering threads of sound amid which the voice interweaves its exotic phrases on the same scale as in the last song. This and the *Lament of the Bedouin Slave-Girl* are the most striking songs in the book: they are both highly pictorial and vividly suggest the Oriental atmosphere and surroundings. The last, *The Demon of Mazinderan*, is less individual, though it is built upon a picturesque figure with a quintuplet and diminished third which is rather arresting.

The *Jester Songs* are perhaps due to a wish on Bantock's part to enlarge his range and break loose from the Oriental manner, which he may have felt was in danger of becoming a mannerism. They are not in Bantock's own characteristic vein. They are light-hearted for the most part, though the jester is the pathetic figure who has become a tradition since the fool in *King Lear*, and who carries a sore heart under his motley. No. 1, *The Jester*, is a cheery song with a

taking tune, only changing to a sombre mirth when he speaks of creeping

> . . . to a darkened corner to die,
> While lightly the world goes laughing by,

and ending with a laugh. No. 3, *Will o' the Wisp*, tells of Poor Will who fell in love with the moon's reflection in a forest pool, and pined and died when a cloud came and took her away. It, too, has an easily caught melody; and the accompaniments, with the leaping and flickering of the *ignis fatuus*, are suggestive even in the piano version, and highly picturesque in the orchestral form. No. 4, *Sub Rosa*, begins, " Oh the life of a fool is free," and this also has a jolly rollicking tune. The accompaniment is simplicity itself, being merely a few chords suggesting a jongleur's touch upon the lute. It tells how a knight and a lady in love avoided each other's glance; but their very caution told the tale to the fool. From a musical point of view, No. 5, *Serenade*, is the most interesting, with its 5/4 time and individual rhythm. The melody in this peculiar idiom is quite readily apprehended and taking, though one might perhaps expect otherwise. The last, *Tra-la-la-lie*, is a gay and jovial little song with a touch of the fool's hardships in the middle. Altogether, if the humorous, quasi-antique style is not the most characteristic manner either of Bantock or his wife, who wrote the words, the songs are pleasant trifles, musicianly of their kind, and with a sure appeal to many whom the profounder songs would leave untouched.

From these to the *Five Ghazals of Hafiz* is an enormous stride that reminds one of the seven-league boots in the fairy-stories. Bantock was now in the thick of his *Omar* studies and his setting of the *Rubáiyát*. Omar

and Hafiz have much in common, and in them Bantock found thoroughly congenial spirits at whose contact he was himself kindled into flame. Omar died about 1122, Hafiz—" the greatest of Persian lyrical poets "—about a century and a half later. The *ghazals* are concerned with wine, flowers, damsels, etc., so that he has been called the Anacreon of Persia. This imagery scandalised the orthodox, though he, like Omar, is said to have belonged to the mystical sect of Sufis, and to have had an esoteric meaning hidden under these figures. Nearly all such poems have been explained in this way. The *Song of Songs* has been said to be speaking in figurative language of the Church : and the Shakespeare sonnets to have been addressed to Poetry. Yet it seems clear that in passages like the following, more is meant than meets the ear :

Foolish niggard heart !—life's flitted, and thou didst not pluck one rose
From life's red bush ; what's remaining ?—name and fame at life's dull close ?
Yet, except from drunkards fuddled with God's glorious wine, none learns
What was veiled : the bigot Zahud nothing of himself discerns.

The drunkenness and the wine clearly refer to the exaltation of spirit in which poets see visions, and without which human life is a dull jog-trot. Nay, in the very *Stabat Mater*, have we not *Cruce hâc inebriari ?* There is nevertheless an undoubted element, and a very strong one, of the Horatian philosophy ; and it is no wonder that Hafiz was looked sourly upon by " the bigot Zahud." There was evidently no love lost on the one side more than on the other. Hafiz clearly thought of Zahud much as Burns thought of Holy Willy.

The version used by Bantock is Sir Edwin Arnold's ; and in these *Ghazals* we find the composer in one of his

most characteristic aspects. The Eastern scales are less in evidence: these poems have appealed to him so strongly that that kind of surface pictorialism is swept aside, and we have instead a spontaneous and passionate utterance that carries one away. The striking and daring harmonic effects, the rushing passages, the whirl of excitement in the rhythms, leave one almost breathless. One peculiarity in this kind is very noticeable here, and for the first time, I think, though it is often found in Bantock's later work. An instance occurs on page 17, at the words, *Hear what the heart-Subduer intends*, where we have a *crescendo* and *accelerando* passage of repeated chords in triplets on a ninth, with a rising middle part, the whole rushing at the end of the bar from triplets into the tumultuous hurry of semiquavers.

The collection opens with a short *Prelude* ("Hafiz improvises"), consisting mainly of harp-arpeggios. Triangle and tambourine give touches of Oriental life, and the whole makes a picturesque introduction. We then plunge into a torrent of passionate emotion with Ghazal 1, *Alá ya! send the Cup round!* The composer is very successful in emphasising the sense of the words, following and reflecting their various moods, keeping the rhetorical accents, and at the same time making a continuous and coherent musical whole. This is by no means an easy task, his peculiar success in which is always acclaimed as Wolf's supreme merit. The second song, *O Glory of full-mooned Fairness*, is even more successful, combining lyrical and dramatic feeling in a more perfect blend. A charming phrase at the words, *to the peace of thy place*, is used later in such a way as to constitute it a sort of theme of the Belovèd; and a shorter figure, growing from the phrase used in speaking of the love-

light in her eyes, is also used as a recurring motif. Passionate abandonment mingled with tender feeling make this a truly notable song. No. 3, *Saki, dye the Cup's rim deeper*, is slightly quieter in tone on the whole, though it, too, has its moments of passionate abandonment. The rhythmical figure, described above, of the triplet-chords hurrying into semi-quavers at the end of the bar, occurs twice with striking effect on reference to the Belovèd. There are, however, more meditative and quiet passages; and the subject in the *Allargando* at the end is strikingly beautiful. This song will appeal to many people more than the others, with their greater stress of tumultuous passion. In No. 4, *Sufi, hither gaze!* we have a curious coincidence. At the words—

> Sufi, hither gaze, for brightly shines the mirror of the Cup
> Gaze into the ruby wine and see what thing it flingeth up—

the music bears a curious resemblance to the phrase in *Omar* associated with the motto, *The Glories of this world pass*. This song, too, is on the whole quiet in tone; and there is a beautiful phrase, *Lento Flebile*, at the reference to the loss, by Adam, of the lovely lawns of Paradise. In No. 5, *The New Moon's silver Sickle*, Hafiz thinks of his soul's reaping-time with awe, and cries to his Good Genius to awake; then exclaims *Woe's me!* and falls silent, while an impressive passage tells of his thoughts. The arpeggios that follow "while my glad spirit mounts," are perhaps a little too like the orthodox treatment of such a theme—an unusual thing with Bantock. Even if it is meant ironically I doubt its success. This, however, is only a passing incident; and the following *Largamente, ma con spirito*, "Sky, boast not thy starry pomp," is again admirable. A recurrence of the rhythmi-

cal phrase twice referred to follows, and the song ends with a note of irony. These Ghazals are scored, but the score is not yet published.

The last of these Hafiz songs is a separate one, "*If that Angel of Shiraz,*" to Justin McCarthy's translation. It is perhaps in some ways the most mature of them all. The rather unfortunate phrase—"to a lovely face what need is there of paint or powder?"—is given in a quasi-recitative, which is certainly the best way of treating it, though the phrase jars, anyhow, with the atmosphere of the song. There are other passages in this quasi-recitative, and it must be allowed that the procedure is right, and in consonance with the character of the words; and yet the style of passage seems to arrest the torrent of poetical emotion. It is here that there occurs a reference to the insoluble mystery of things, set to a remarkable passage marked *mistico*, to which I shall refer again shortly. The last lines:

Thou hast rhymed thy ghazal, thou hast strung thy pearls;
Come, O Hafiz, and sing it sweetly, that Heaven may shed upon
thy song the glory of the Pleiades—

are set to a beautiful lyrical melody that grows out of a preceding phrase, and worthily ends the song. Bantock himself likes this Ghazal best, and I can understand the preference. I am inclined myself, however, to give the precedence to No. 3 in the cycle, for its lyrical fervour and happy mingling of various styles of beauty. Altogether, the group forms a real addition to song-literature, and must surely, in no long time, become more widely known.

Undoubtedly there is more than a tinge of scepticism in Hafiz—a quality which is more prominent still in Omar Khayyám, whose arraignment of Providence,

nevertheless, is considerably intensified by Fitzgerald. Bantock, however, seizes upon this and underlines it heavily in his setting, as in the *man's forgiveness give and take*, already quoted. It is the more remarkable at first sight, therefore, that he should have turned from Hafiz and Omar to set Browning, the poet who, of all others, is most characteristically, and even pugnaciously, optimistic in his views of the dealings of Providence with the world. The remark I made a little way back about the omissions of an artist here finds a vivid illustration. What Bantock seizes upon in Browning is not this side of him, but his full-blooded, bounding vigour, and exultation in this present life :

Man I am, and man would be, love—merest man and nothing more :
Bid me seem no other ! Eagles boast of pinions—let them soar :
I may put forth angels' plumage once unmanned, but not before.

Browning was so certain of himself on the religious side that he liked occasionally to dally with the other side as an adventure. Bantock, in common with Hafiz, Omar, and Sappho, takes the more typically artist's position. For it must be owned that between artists and the religious world there is generally a feud. It is rare to find either a great artist or a great saint who can see the other side and harmonise the two views. Yet there is no necessary antagonism between art and religion, any more than between science and religion : they move on different planes of thought and life. Browning himself is sufficient to show that this is true ; and an even stronger instance is Dante, one of the greatest of artists as well as of seers. Similarly in the other case, Newton, Crookes, and Romanes are sufficient to prove the point. The public are often misled by such men as Huxley and Haeckel, and do not distinguish between their scientific

and their philosophic utterances. Science is ordered knowledge. When these men speak scientifically they speak with special authority: when they give us their views, and reason from scientific facts, they speak not as scientists but as philosophers, and are entitled to no special deference. Artists are exceptionally sensitive to the beauty of the visible world; and it must be confessed that their defiance is largely the fault of the religious world. These deny with dogmatic intolerance what the artist knows to be true: and the artist, seeing them deny his gospel, refuses in his turn to believe their gospel. Burns's Holy Willy is the natural resentment of the artist at seeing his gospel flouted by a hypocritical ignoramus. Another typical case is the celebrated passage in *Aucassin and Nicolète*. It is not Browning's optimism, then, or his religious views, that attract Bantock, but his full-blooded energy, his *joie de vivre*, his emphatic counsel to make the most of the sphere in which you actually are. At the same time it is true that Bantock is sometimes seized by his own subconscious personality, as all real artists are, and shows that there is, below the surface, a feeling of this deeper meaning and reality of things, to which he responds though he would never put it into intellectualised form or acknowledge it in words. His intellect rejects it, or suspends judgment: his instinct at times tacitly accepts it. The instinctive genius is sometimes too strong for the intellectualised opinion of the man, as is common with artists and prophets. We find this even in Omar, as we shall see, and Bantock responds to it at once. We find it in Hafiz:

> For none in their wisdom have ever solved, or will ever solve, that mystery.
>
> (From *If that Angel of Shiraz.*)

At these words Bantock gives us an extraordinary passage which he marks *mistico*, just as he is instantly moved to a similar expression at *I sent my soul through the Invisible*, in *Omar*, and marks one of the motifs in the same work, *behind the veil*. He cannot help an instinctive feeling that there *is* something in the Invisible, or behind the veil, though he would not acknowledge it in words, or only in the most guarded manner. The poet normally controls Pegasus: sometimes, however, Pegasus takes the bit between his teeth and carries him whither he would not: if he be a true Pegasus, higher than he would.

When we turn, then, from the Hafiz to the Browning songs (*Ferishtah's Fancies*), we are sensible at once of a difference. There is not quite the fervid glow of the Hafiz *Ghazals*: the peculiar emotional intellectualism of Browning takes its place, and is well expressed in the music. Ferishtah was a Persian historian (*circ.* 1550–1612) whom Browning uses as a mouthpiece for his own philosophy. In a dozen apologues various teachings are set forth: to each is appended a lyric: and these lyrics Bantock has set, the whole being rounded off with an *Epilogue*. The first, *The Eagle*, utters Browning's preference for toil amid the ways of men, helping and strengthening, rather than for life in artistic, intellectual, or religious isolation, supported by the labour of others. He desires an honest life of struggle as a man among men, tasting the true human lot —a sentiment to which Bantock responds instinctively. The song is a most attractive one, eminently singable, and tingling with eager life. No. 2, *The Melon-seller*, is simpler, but full of tender feeling: the kernel of it—take apparent injustice, or any suffering, for love's sake: love overpays all. The motto, so to

speak, of No. 3, *Shah Abbas*, lies in the last line but two:

> "Be love your light and trust your guide, with these explore my heart";

and the music covers the sometimes crabbed verse of Browning with a robe of beauty. The next, *The Family*, has evidently appealed to Bantock with peculiar force. It is from this that the lines already quoted are taken:

> "Man I am, and man would be, love, merest man and nothing more," etc.;

and this is in fact the central conception of the whole song-cycle. Amid the eager torrent of song there is a momentary slackening, and a beautiful phrase at the words, *Now on earth to stand suffices*, etc., which Bantock uses as a sort of motto, for he brings in the phrase again as a closing reflection, after the singer has finished. Altogether a noble song, and peculiarly characteristic both of poet and composer. *The Sun*, No. 5, does not give up its meaning very readily without a preliminary study of the poem that precedes the lyric. And in fact this is true of all this album. Let no singer undertake them, or any other of Bantock's work, who is not prepared to undergo some intellectual labour. The type of song that depends for its charm merely upon a suave melody and a beautiful voice must be sought elsewhere. The next, *Mihrab Shah*, is a specially striking effort, and deals with the function of pain and of our physical bodies. The lyric expresses it well, but this too, like all the rest, can only be properly grasped by a study of the whole poem, which the music illustrates and enforces with much beauty and impressiveness. No. 8, *Two Camels*, is another to whose understanding a knowledge of what goes before the lyric is essential:

but, this being known, the song is fine and interesting. Another in which the composer has poured himself out in song is No. 10, *Plot-culture*, where the central idea of this group of songs is again forcibly expressed :

> Take Sense too—let me love entire and whole—
> Not with my Soul !

The *Epilogue* is a noble piece of work with its kindling cry—

> Was it for mere fool's play, make-believe or mumming,
> So we battled it like men, not boy-like sulked or whined ?
> Each of us heard clang God's " *Come !* "—and each was coming :
> Soldiers all, to forward face—not sneaks to lag behind.

The sudden chill, too, amid the enthusiasm—" What if all be error ? "—is very touching, and reminds one of Bunyan's honest portrayal of the same doubt in his hero, almost at the end of his pilgrimage. Browning, however, concludes :

> 'What if all the halo irised round my head were, love, thine arms ? "

In all this Bantock has found a thoroughly congenial spirit which has kindled him to a fine response. In some ways, indeed, these songs are the finest of all. There is none of the haunting pessimism of the others ; but, in its place, that heroic and eager determination to make the best of life as it is, and to see the best in it, which was so strong in Browning. It is to be deplored, though perhaps it is not strange, that we do not hear this cycle more frequently. It makes an enormous demand upon the singer, certainly ; but would repay a man with sufficient mental grip as well as artistic temperament —a combination not often found. The songs are stimulating like mountain-air ; but audiences, too, would have to study the poems beforehand ; and this

is more than the average audience cares to do. The songs are scored for orchestra, but the full score is not yet published.

Of the *Sappho Songs* it is difficult to speak temperately. The peculiar beauty of this phœnix among poetesses seems to have entered into the composer's heart. There are a *Prelude*, and nine fragments; and we have the same fervid glow, the same daring harmonies and varied rhythms, as in the *Hafiz Songs*, but with less of the pessimistic tinge. The *Prelude* is opened by the harp, languidly in 5/4, with spread chords that look like two chords combined, but which are really, of course, high powers of single chords. These are answered first by 'cellos alone, and afterwards by clarinets and strings. The *Prelude* is full of passion, and fitly ushers in the songs that follow. The *Hymn to Aphrodite* has something of the beauty of a lovely girl before the altar-flame ascending from a rocky height overlooking the marvellous violet of the Mediterranean. No. 2, *I loved thee once, Atthis, long ago*, is laden with the most poignant grief and passion. Nobody who has once heard this song, one would think, could possibly forget it: it goes home to the heart, and burns itself into the memory at once, by virtue of its beauty and sincerity. The opening phrase for muted trombones and harp, with *cor anglais* giving the sorrow-laden melody, sets at once the tone which swells to a flood of grief, passion, and beauty. One of the most striking numbers is No. 5, *The Moon has set;* and it is from this that some of the most poignant material of the *Prelude* is taken:

> I yearn and seek—I know not what to do:
> And I flutter like a child after her mother:
> For love masters my limbs and shakes me—
> Fatal creature, bitter-sweet!

The whole song is a marvel of mournful and passionate beauty. *Peer of the Gods he seemed*, too, is a fine number. No. 7, *In a Dream I spake*, is different in character. *Death is evil: the gods have so judged*, is the theme; and the music is of a brooding melancholy, sighing out the lyrical phrases with a certain balance and consciousness of beauty unlike the passionate abandonment of the other songs. The last two are the only happy songs in the cycle; No. 8, *Bridal Song*, quite dithyrambic in its joy; and No. 9, *Muse of the Golden Throne*, full of a sort of shining gladness. The opening refers to the opening of the *Prelude;* and there are other touches here and there that relate it to what has preceded. Altogether it is a wonderful song-cycle—impressive even in the pianoforte version, and doubly so with the orchestral accompaniment. It is to be hoped they will soon find one of the younger school of singers to take them up and make them widely known.

Of the separate songs, one of the finest is the *Song of the Genie*, with its forceful and pictorial energy:

> Master of Spirits! Master of Clay!
> Call me, O Strong One! Swift I obey!

We almost seem to see the Genie of the Lamp appear in his terrors to Aladdin. The words are by Mrs. Bantock.

Another song, of altogether lighter calibre, is *As I ride*, a setting of Browning's *Through Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr*. It is, of course, purely pictorial, and full of verve and buoyant life, a quality which the orchestral version greatly heightens. One thing we must remark, however; we never rode a horse that galloped so. He would be an anatomical rarity that would deserve a place in a museum. However, to a generation of city-dwellers

who mostly ride buses, this will not matter much, as the gait of a horse is unknown : and the song is a spirited piece of work. Other songs will be found in the list of works, in the Appendix.

Before we leave this part of our subject, however, we must mention a considerable labour which was undertaken by Bantock for the Oliver Ditson Co. of Boston. This was the editing and arranging of three collections of songs which were published in separate albums. The first two were *100 Folk-Songs of all Nations* and *60 Patriotic Songs of all Nations*, to both of which Bantock prefixed historical and critical notes. The third, *100 Songs of England*, is at present in the press. The whole forms a valuable collection of some of the best folk-songs of the world, in a handy form ; and is very opportune in these days when intelligent interest is being awakened in the subject.

II. Connected psychologically with the last great cycle of songs, is the *Sapphic Poem* for 'cello and orchestra, which was composed for Willy Lehmann, the 'cellist. It is written for small orchestra, and is very effectively laid out for the solo instrument which is not overloaded with accompaniments, so that the tone comes through well. It is full of the erotic sentiment which we have found in the *Sappho Songs*, though not of the same intensity. The rhythmical scheme is somewhat peculiar, varying between 3/2 and 6/4 ; and almost the whole is woven upon the motto-phrase with which the Poem opens. It dies away at the close in languorous tenderness ; and the whole, material and scoring alike, is full of warmth and colour.

A third piece for this instrument is the *Celtic Poem*, written, also for Lehmann, in the May of 1914. It is entirely different n character, having

nothing in common with the German idiom on which Bantock's style was originally formed. It shows the influence of his later acquaintance with Scottish music, and the chief subject is really a phrase from one of the Hebridean songs. The idea of the piece is as follows: "*The Celtic heaven, Tir-nan-Og,* THE LAND OF THE EVER YOUNG, *lies somewhere to the west of the Hebrides, where the sun sets. And the Celtic soul ever waits on the shore of the great Sea for the coming of the White Barge which, year in year out, ferries the elect across the waves to the Isle where they would be. And that same Barge needs wind nor sail nor rudder to make her speed like a bird over the sea; the wish of the Fate that guides her is her all and her in all.*" The delicate mystery and poetry of this subject is well illustrated by the music, which is full of the Celtic glamour. It is certainly one of Bantock's most individual efforts. The nearest approach that I know elsewhere to its peculiar quality is Sibelius's *Swan of Tuonela,* which, however, is charged with a deeper gloom. There, it is the *land of the dead,* here, of *the ever young,* as the title says; and the idea is full of a serious gladness as of a luminous vision, rather than of terror. These two pieces form, with the *Elegiac Poem* discussed in the last chapter, an individual triad in the literature of the instrument.

III. It is seldom in human affairs that one period is completely rounded off before the next begins; there is usually some overlapping: and we now come to an instance of this. Before *Omar* was finished Bantock was asked to write music for a performance of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, which was to be given under the auspices of the Classical Association. Murray's translation was used; and the work was performed in the Large Theatre of the Midland Institute, in October,

1908, as well as for a week at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. A little later on, Bantock was invited by the Bedford College, London, to write music for a performance which they were contemplating, of Sophocles' *Electra*. This was given in Greek, at the Court Theatre, London, on 15th, 16th, and 17th July, 1909. A third work in this kind is the music to the *Bacchae* of Euripides (Murray's translation), which is at present unfinished.

This appeal of the classics is an index of a loosening of the exclusive grip of Orientalism upon Bantock's mind. It has always been rather amusing to see him "discover" from time to time, people and subjects that everyone else admired, but that he had always violently disparaged. He now announced that Sophocles, Euripides, and the old Greek poets, were not old fogeys; and slanged his friends, who had tried in vain to make him see their merits, for not admiring them. It is a form of self-defence against the chaff to which he was subjected—the *bellum in hostes inferre* of our schoolbooks. The classics now began to share his allegiance with the East; and after *Omar* was completed he certainly showed a better mental balance in this respect. Euripides, indeed, has come to be one of his paragons, the rationalist element in him (as expounded by Verrall) appealing strongly to his sympathies.

The problem of Greek music is still unsolved: we do not know exactly what the procedure of the ancients was. Bantock was anxious to produce an impression as near as possible to the original, in modern conditions, and studied several books, including a translation of Aristoxenus. He thought he had arrived at a fair idea of the subject; but since then another book has appeared which takes different views and throws fresh doubt on the matter. One can hardly give the whole

play entirely without harmony, as in ancient times ; but Bantock kept, at any rate, to Greek scales as far as they could be understood, and reduced the harmonic combinations to the slenderest possible proportions. The orchestra he employed consisted, in the case of the *Electra*, of flutes, oboe, 'cello, double-bass, tambourine, cymbals, and two harps, yielding a tone-quality somewhat remote from that of the ordinary modern orchestra. There is a Prelude (Dorian Mode) of twenty bars leading into the *Parodos*. The scansion of the Greek verse he got from Jebb's edition ; and he adapted himself to these rhythms in such a way as to produce a striking and characteristic result, with much *vraisemblance*, though without pedantic antiquarian accuracy. The *Stasima*, etc., are sung mostly without accompaniment, except for a supporting flute or oboe, and with occasional touches of the harp at the pauses, the harmonic effects being reserved for the dances. The dialogue between Orestes and Electra, however, is treated as a lyric, with real accompaniments ; and the treatment of the *Kommos* at the death of Clytemnestra is good. There are striking instrumental passages, with harsh discords, of about a bar each, and the cries of Clytemnestra are spoken within, during the pauses. Altogether, the method is justified, I think, by its results, which give a certain air of remoteness without violating our modern musical sense.

IV. We now approach the group of choral works written during the earlier half of this Birmingham Period, the first being *The Time-Spirit*. The poem is by Mrs. Bantock ; and in this conjoint work we have an expression of a characteristic element in their united life —Up ! Quit you like men in that strife which is itself life ! *The Time-Spirit* is conceived as a mighty wind

that sweeps through the forest of humanity, bending the great trees before it. The opening section is full (after a couple of striking 2-bar phrases for strings, brass, and wood) of rushing string-passages and throbbing wind-harmonies on a C pedal, while the chorus cry out in the midst of the tumult. After a reference to the opening 2-bar phrase, which may be taken as symbolising the *rending* of the storm, there comes a change. There is now less of the lower register: we have repeated semi-quavers in the wind, and flashing string-passages, at the words, *The flying clouds are its pennons*, etc. Then, after another reference to the opening 2-bar motif, comes a complete contrast, *Lento cantabile*, at the words:

> Ah, ye, in the world's pleasant places!
> Do ye not see the symbol?

Here we have broad lyrical phrases in imitation, for the chorus, with *sostenuto* strings, quaver triplets for wood, and sestuplet arpeggios for the harp. There is a pictorial touch at the words, *By your warm fires sitting and sleeping*—a languid passage on an eleventh, *p*, into which steals a breath of the Time-wind, *pp*, increasing quickly to a great *ff*, at:

> Hear you not, in ruthless anger
> Its mighty voice of warning?—

and followed by a call to action which is given in alternate phrases by male and female chorus. Then comes a march-like passage for male voices:

> Hark, the spirits of mighty men of the bygone ages
> To your spirits calling and crying!

The female choir joins in with imitational phrases, urging them to follow fearlessly into the darkness. Then,

after another vigorous section, imitational for choir, and finely scored, we come to the conclusion, *Tranquillamente*, opening with choir alone, but with quiet accompaniments after the first few bars, and urging the soul-guided wanderer not to fear the flail of the time-wind :

> Like wheat it shall winnow and clean thee :
> But never was good grain garnered
> That bent not 'neath rain and tempest
> As well as waved in the sunshine.

It is a stirring work, fine in technique and in spirit, and well suited for competent choirs. The orchestral parts are not easy, and the orchestra is large : but it would repay trouble. It was produced at the Gloucester Festival, 1904.

It will be seen that *The Time-Spirit* links itself on to other work of Bantock's of which we have already spoken. The next cantata that we have to discuss, *Sea-Wanderers*, which is also a product of the joint personality of husband and wife, is similarly akin to much of his previous work. This is the case more especially in two respects—in its agnosticism, and in its energy in face of the unknown :

> For in haven we will never lie ;
> Fare on—ever onward—our cry.

But these two ideas are swathed in a sense of the beauty and mystery of things, that are especially strong in this work. The poem is based upon the idea expressed in Longfellow's line :

> Ships that pass in the night, and hail each other in passing.

Another thing that is dwelt upon is the pain of the isolation, the separateness, of each human soul. Man comes he knows not whence, yearns and strives his little

space, and passes into the unknown: and the close is a faint hope:

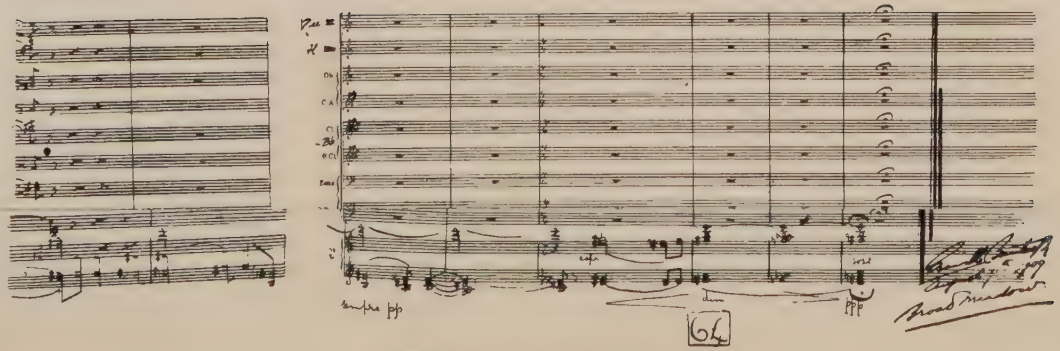
Friends, may we meet you, and greet you again!—

followed by an orchestral passage from which emerges *pp* and *lontano*, the renewed motif:

We are as ships upon the sea,
Sailing into Eternity—

the voices (four only to a part) accompanied only by a single high E in the strings, *ppp*, and dying away to nothing while the E is prolonged till it, too, ceases, one hardly knows when. The work is called, not a cantata but a *Poem for Chorus and Orchestra;* and there is something here in a name. The piece is singularly homogeneous in mood; and there is little of the "laying out" of the ordinary cantata. The mysterious orchestral opening, suggesting the supra-sensuous ocean from which all life springs, and the motif of melodic fifths representing the sea of our visible life, recur from time to time, helping to keep the impression of this primal mystery alive. The technique is good, the choral writing simple and mostly imitational, though there are harmonic passages also. One such is that (*Lento sostenuto*) where, unaccompanied except for an occasional touch of the harp and strings, the choir enters *p* after a *f* climax, with the words:

Or to a region, maybe, beyond these.

The work is quite within the powers of an ordinarily efficient choir. It was produced at the Leeds Festival of 1907, and has been performed more than once since, notably by the Welsh Choral Union, at Liverpool, under Harry Evans; and by Rutland Boughton, a little

FACSIMILE OF LAST PAGE OF "OMAR"

later (October, 1910) at the Birmingham Town Hall, where I heard it and was deeply impressed.

The production of *Sea-Wanderers* (1907) brings us to the first performance of another work already discussed in the last chapter—*Christ in the Wilderness*, a remodelled portion of *Christus*. This also came to its first hearing this year, at the Gloucester Festival. At the ensuing Gloucester Festival (1910) the other revised portion of *Christus*—*Gethsemane*—was produced; and both these works achieved a *succès d'estime*, if not the hearty welcome usually accorded to Bantock's really characteristic work.

We have now reached what I think must always be regarded as Bantock's *magnum opus*—that in which he is most completely himself and unlike all others—*Omar*. Portions of the *Rubáiyát* had been set before; but until Bantock undertook the work, the idea of setting the whole might appear almost fantastic. *Primâ facie*, this stream of melancholy and pessimistic verse, always of a meditative cast, would not seem to lend itself to treatment as a whole. Bantock, however, began to turn the matter over in his mind soon after making acquaintance with the poem, and his solution of the constructional problem is ingenious and successful. He divides the work into three parts, each of which forms a unity in itself and yet takes its due place in the scheme when the work is performed in its entirety. And in addition to this he has invented three persons to whom certain portions of the work are assigned in accordance with their character. These are, The Poet (tenor) representing the central core of Omar himself; the Philosopher (baritone) representing the more intellectual and sceptical side of the man; and The Belovèd (contralto). In addition to these there are a few sub-

ordinate parts for the conversation of the pots in Part III (*Rubáiyát*, 84–90); and there is of course the chorus; and the general perspective and unity of effect which Bantock has succeeded in achieving by this allotment of parts is, as Mr. Newman said on the production of Part III, amazing: "He has the genuine architectonic mind—the mind that spans at a leap a great structural scheme: the mind that, as Pater says, 'foresees the end in the beginning, and never loses sight of it'" (*Birmingham Daily Post*, August 10th, 1909). Structural design alone, however, will not save a work if the essential texture be poor: and it is only right to add that the imaginative quality of the music is on an equally high level. That this may not be thought merely the partiality of a friend, I quote further from the same source: "... there is little in the music of our own day to equal it for variety and intensity and sustained splendour of imagination. ... One is almost crushed under the magnificence of some of the choral passages, with their bold sweep and their enormous weight of expression." The tendency towards surface-painting is perhaps over-strong; but in many cases Bantock works, not from without inwards, but gets at the heart of his subject and portrays its very essence.

The score is remarkable for its ingenuity in one particular—the division of the strings. There are two complete string orchestras, one on each side of the conductor; and this makes possible with the utmost ease, a large range of effects which are otherwise difficult to manage. One orchestra is frequently muted while the other is not; and this of itself gives a wonderful variety of colour and contrast. Then, too, the elaborate subdivisions so frequent in modern work can be made instantly by these means, and of course

responsive effects are ready prepared. Besides strings, the score consists of three flutes, piccolo, three oboes, cor-anglais, three clarinets, bass-clarinet, three bassoons, double-bassoon, six horns, three trumpets, three trombones, bass-tuba, kettledrums, bass-drum, side-drum, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, gong, glockenspiel, camel-bell, harps, and organ.

It is impossible within the limits here at disposal to discuss so large a work in detail, and we must content ourselves with considering it in some of its larger aspects. And this matters the less since, to students, the means of detailed study are easily accessible. A year or two since I prepared a *Table of the Principal Themes* in the work, with names, and references to the chief places where they occur; and this table can be had of the publishers for a trifle. Some of these motifs are striking in themselves—the passage, for instance, at the top of page 3 of the vocal score (No. 2, B. and H.), *The Vine, associated with the grave;* or the phrase which occurs on page 191 at the words, "When you and I behind the veil are past" (No. 9, B. and H.), given out later by muted horns. And by the help of these recognisable themes Bantock has built up a colossal body of coherent musical thinking, grand in outline and fine in quality, such as we hardly find elsewhere in English music.

Part I includes the first fifty-four quatrains. The *Prelude* represents early morning, the Muezzin's call to prayer, the early trumpet from the Sultan's palace, used later for the pomp and glory of this world, and *El Kayf* —a dreamy, contemplative state well known in the East. Then comes the call to awake, in a vigorous chorus. After a short orchestral interlude we come to stanzas II and III grouped together, and closing with the first great climax at the cry *Open the door*, which is followed

by a regretful mood at the transience of things earthly—*You know how little time we have to stay* (No. 3, B. and H.). When the chorus ceases, the motif of *El Kayf* (24, B. and H.) appears in the orchestra, and then the *transience* theme; and then follows a section, stanzas 4, 5, and 6, given to the poet, a notable feature of which is the passage *The nightingale cries to the rose* (18, B. and H.).

The next two stanzas (7 and 8) are given to chorus, and preach the Horatian doctrine *carpe diem*. The Belovèd then carries on the thought of the transience of things (stanza 9)—even conquerors like Jamshyd and Kaikobad pass: but the chorus break in impatiently in twelve parts, (10) "*What have we to do with Kaikobad!*" After this mass of sound comes a charming contrast at the opening of the next section (11–15), the chief feature of which is the lovely duet between the Poet and the Belovèd, *A Book of Verses underneath the bough*—one set of strings being muted, the other not. The chorus break in upon this with the quatrain (13) containing one of Fitzgerald's most deplorable lines—"*Ah, take the cash and let the credit go*," and an anticipation of the music of stanza 17. I am inclined to think Bantock has here been misled by his *penchant* for pictorialism. At "the rumble of a distant drum," he breaks away with an agitated passage in the strings and drums, which interferes, to my mind, with the general tone of this part of the work.

The next portion begins at stanza 16, but quickly reaches the picturesque chorus (17), *Think, in this battered caravanserai*, set to the motif called *the glories of this world pass* (8, B. and H.). The Poet and the Belovèd now take up the tale again, still bewailing regretfully the transience of love and life, and the chorus chime in with the same burden (19–24). So far the meditations

on the text, *vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*, have been carried on by the Poet and the Belovèd, in a mood of poetic pessimism: now a slightly different, a bitterer and more ironical tone appears, with the intervention of the Philosopher. The Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness crying, *Fools, your reward is neither here nor there;* the saints and sages whose mouths are stopped with dust; the futility of the "obstinate questionings" about the nature of things; and other similar images, are insisted upon with heart-broken emphasis, but with never-failing beauty of utterance (25–47). A notable point occurs in quatrain 43:

> So when that angel of the darker drink
> At last shall find you by the river-brink,
> And, offering his cup, invite your soul
> Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

The words are sung by the Belovèd, at first with trembling agitation, but the last four with bitter emphasis; and the Master theme (26, B. and H.) is immediately thundered out by all the strings, wood and brass. The climax of this portion of the work is not a great chorus, but a wonderfully beautiful and intensely mournful duet for the Poet and the Belovèd—*When you and I behind the veil are past*—one of the loveliest themes in the work, the one perhaps that remains in the memory as most typical of the whole, and worked out with beautiful elaboration and impressiveness.

Now comes one of the most striking episodes in the whole work—the figure of Life as a blind Caravan (10–12, B. and H.), stumbling through the Desert, no one knows whence or whither. To have heard it seems an unforgettable experience. The composer, who sometimes gives us surface-painting from the outside, seems here to have penetrated to the heart of the idea, and

calls up the image with magical vividness, so that one seems actually to see the arid waste of sand beneath a burning sun and sky, the bleached bones of former travellers, and the camels lurching blindly on as the phantom caravan passes from nowhere to nowhere. It is a bitterly pessimistic image, but a miracle of art. The scene is conjured up by ninety-eight bars of orchestra, the chorus humming part of the time ; and these last then break in with quatrain 48. The Philosopher next proceeds with his musings (49–53). And here we find one of the cases in which Omar, Fitzgerald, and Bantock alike are mastered by their sub-conscious selves. In the midst of this blankly sceptical meditation comes the thought that perhaps after all The Master (50) is nearer to us than we know ; and the motif so-called is given out gravely and impressively by brass and wood. Part I closes with a great climax in the form of a chorus in eight parts to quatrain 54 :

> Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
> Of this and that endeavour and dispute ;
> Better be jocund with the fruitful grape
> Than sadden after none, or bitter, fruit.

Here we have again the bitter philosophy of this melancholy school of thought ; but Bantock characteristically gives it a twist that the text does not really suggest. His Western vigour is too much for his theory, and he closes the whole by giving out with insistent emphasis the words, *Waste not your hour*, in such a way as to suggest, not the actual context, but the passage in *Ecclesiastes*, which he has set later, "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might : for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.*"

Part II includes quatrains 55–81. It opens with an Interlude representing the revels of which the Philo-

sopher speaks in his opening song (55–58). He still preaches *the grape* as the sovereign remedy for all ills, and the chorus chime in at stanza 59 with the same sentiment. This last utterance is a fine piece of picturesque writing in sixteen parts, portraying the "two-and-seventy jarring sects" with their religious arguments. A strikingly vigorous picture follows (quatrain 60), the chorus being now reduced to six parts, of "*The mighty Mahmoud, Allah-breathing Lord,*" scattering the black horde of fears and sorrows that infest the soul before him with whirlwind sword. An orchestral interlude follows in which there is a complex interweaving of ideas by means of several representative motifs. An analysis, with music-type, is given in Newman's programme notes (B. and H.). After this the Philosopher resumes his meditations (61–62). One small point may be mentioned as a matter of curiosity. When he speaks of being "lured with hope of some diviner drink," the figure in the orchestra is the inverse movement of that for the "black horde of doubts and fears" just mentioned. Quatrains 63–65 are chorus, still preaching with great variety of resource on the same theme—"*Not one returns to tell us of the road.*"

At stanza 66 the Poet lifts the idea on to a higher and subtler plane. The mysterious motif (29, B. and H.) called *The Invisible*, speaking of

> That undiscovered country from whose bourne
> No traveller returns,

is whispered out by muted strings, and the Poet begins—"I sent my soul through the Invisible." This is followed by forty-five bars of orchestra, representing the groping of his soul in the darkness. The chorus take up his last words, and go on without break into the next

quatrain (67) a persistent figure, based upon *The Invisible* theme, keeping up an iteration suggestive of mysterious destiny.

Now comes one of the most striking portions of this Part II (68–70), preparing for, and leading up to, the defiant climax at the close. We have had Isaiah's image of the Potter, and this is to receive fuller treatment yet. At present one or two bitterly fatalistic figures give the composer a great opportunity of which he makes the most. Life is conceived, first as shadow-shapes thrown by the lantern of the Master of the Show: then we are will-less, helpless pawns in His chess game: then the ball from His hand comes striking at random. But even here the sub-conscious spirit already mentioned forces itself up:

> He knows about it all—He knows—HE knows.

Very picturesque is the treatment of this portion. The vivid representation of the shadow-dance (13, B. & H.), and of the ball flying about (14, B. and H.), once heard, are almost unforgettable; as also is the meditative solemnity of the line just quoted, which is followed by the *Master-theme* (26, B. and H.). In stanza 71 the Belovèd carries on the same idea; and the pictorial treatment of the writing of Fate's finger is again very vivid (15, B. and H.). In stanza 72 the Poet joins in, and the two together cry in passionate impotence against the nature of things—IT—the inverted bowl under which we crawl and die. The Philosopher joins in; and all these fatalistic figures lead up to the great defiant outburst of all, chorus included, at the end (80–81

> O Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
> Beset the road I was to wander in,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . Man's forgiveness give—and take.

This last is not in *Omar*, but is added—or concentrated from various scattered hints—by Fitzgerald. Bantock seizes upon it and thunders out the passionate cry with full orchestra and chorus on a chord of D♭, the trumpets blaring out a C in defiant protest. A number of motifs are here combined, which are analysed with music-type in Newman's notes. It is not merely a matter of curiosity, but is intended to suggest the various ideas for which the motifs stand.

Part III is in some ways the finest. It seems a sort of quintessence of the whole, so that having heard that, you have heard all; except that one would not wish to miss such things as *The Caravan* or *The Shadow-dance*. After the Prelude, stanzas 82–90 are occupied with a humorous but ironical scene between the pots—an extension of Isaiah's figure—in which the old fatalism is again paramount.

After a short orchestral interlude, the Philosopher cries out again for the Grape, and oblivion (91–95). And after that, we come to the beginning of the real climax of the whole work—a climax reached, not by piling Pelion upon Ossa in the matter of sound-masses, but in the subtle, essential quality of music. A deeply touching theme (*Regret*, 16, B. and H.)—perhaps the most touching of all—is given out by the orchestra, a theme which appears for the first time in the Introduction to this Part. The Poet and the Belovèd then, to these deeply pathetic strains, sing the lamentation (96–99) of love and beauty in the grip of inexorable death and nothingness; the beautiful theme (18, B. and H.) appearing at the reference to the nightingale singing in the branches. Like passionate children, they wish to shatter the universe to bits, in the self-confidence of children that they could re-make it better themselves.

It is a generous, though a foolish, thought; and the music, with some of the other themes woven upon the main warp of the *Regret* motif, is loveliness itself. This leads into the final section for the three soloists and chorus (100–101) in which the transience of all things is again dwelt upon with heart-breaking poignancy. The moon will rise and wane, but we——! The chorus sigh out their last words *pp*, and the orchestra continues for a few bars, the *Regret* theme being the most prominent, though others are again interwoven, of which an account is given as before, in Newman's notes. Just before the end the lovely strains of No. 9 (B. and H.):

When you and I behind the veil are past—

are heard on muted horns, and the whole ends with the most intense pathos, *ppp*.

If a work of genius, as distinguished from one of talent, be written in a state analogous to that of clairvoyance, so that the writer's deeper self does things which his ordinary self could never do, then this is emphatically a work of genius. Its impressiveness and beauty are at times quite indescribable: and its pathos is intensified by those views of life hovering for an instant in the jaws of oblivion with which all thinking men are familiar. The question has been sometimes raised whether *Omar* really gains by being underlined in this way, and having its images and thoughts enlarged and emphasised as by a magnifying-glass. Is it not more impressive when spoken by the "still small voice of the printed page"? In some ways it is. Many subtleties seem to suffer: many passing thoughts, which have their own truth taken as fugitive images and speculations, seem to lose their fineness and to be distorted into untruth when subjected to this magnifying process. The beauty of

the verbal music, too, is of course largely lost. The question, however, is, after all, an unfair cavilling. The quiet page remains for whoso may prefer it. We have here something different which appeals to large numbers who would never read the poem otherwise: and to such, verbal beauty does not appeal, though they are sensitive to the musical beauty with which Bantock overlays the poem. The treatment is broad, sincere, and full of impressiveness; and on the whole abundantly justifies itself.

Part I was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1906; Part II at the Cardiff Festival of 1907; and Part III at the Birmingham Festival of 1909. The three parts have been performed together on two or three occasions—among others by Arthur Fagge at Queen's Hall; and many performances of single parts have been given, notably one in February, 1912, at Vienna, whither Bantock went for the occasion, and where he met with a great reception.

CHAPTER VII

BIRMINGHAM (PART II) UNIVERSITY WORK, BIRMINGHAM PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, COMPETITION FESTIVAL WORK, ADJUDICATING, ETC. UNACCOMPANIED CHORAL MUSIC, PART-SONGS, *ATALANTA*, *VANITY OF VANITIES*. INSTRUMENTAL WORK — STRING ORCHESTRAS, *DANTE & BEATRICE*, *FIFINE*, ETC., *THE GREAT GOD PAN*

In the year 1904 the Richard Peyton Chair of Music was founded at the University of Birmingham. Its first occupant was Sir Edward Elgar ; and he delivered an address which caused some little stir at the time. He found, however, that the duties it involved were too much of a tax upon him in addition to his artistic work ; and in 1908 he resigned. The Chair was then offered to Bantock, who accepted it in November, 1908, thus for the second time succeeding Elgar in an artistic appointment. This addition to his duties (for he retained his position at the Midland Institute School of Music) was a heavy one, and caused considerable inroads upon the time available for composition : and the energy with which he has fulfilled these multifarious duties—increased still further, as we shall see shortly, by outside calls of a serious nature—is remarkable. One of the operative reasons for his acceptance was the hope that he might be of service in bringing a breath of life from the actual world into university musical teaching, which has sometimes shown a ten-

GRANVILLE BANTOCK
ABOUT THE YEAR 1904
Photo. by F. Russell & Sons

dency to subside into academicism. In accordance with this idea he drew up his plan for the lectures, classes, and degree work—a plan which is broad in outlook, and covers the whole field, but which is calculated, on the whole, to foster a living modern spirit. He desires to equip his students for, and fix their thoughts upon, the future; though he recognises that they must know and understand the past. The Elizabethan madrigal writers are well represented in his scheme, and Bantock became an enthusiastic admirer of Byrd, as well as of Bull, whose pioneer nature appealed strongly to his sympathies. In addition to the orthodox list of composers we find in the requirements for the Birmingham degree a knowledge of such men as Strauss, Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakov, Elgar, and Sibelius, whose work is subjected to searching analysis in his lectures; and the typical Mus.Doc. style of composition in their degree exercises counts rather against than for candidates, those who indulge in the luxury of such things as canons and fugues doing so at the imminent risk of being ploughed. It is imperative, according to University regulations, that a professor should have a recognised scholastic status; and Bantock therefore accepted the honorary degree of M.A., in order to comply with this condition. His classes have been very successful and have turned out some promising graduates.

I spoke just now of other outside work which made serious calls upon Bantock's time, and this we will now proceed to consider. The musical world of Birmingham had for many years been divided into two or three camps, and each of these to some extent neutralised the others, so that the interests of the city at large suffered. In these circumstances it was at last felt that a *rapprochement* was necessary, and the two chief parties agreed to

combine. This union was aided by Bantock's influence, and the Birmingham Philharmonic Society was formed, and included representatives from all quarters of Birmingham musical life, the Secretary being Mr. G. J. Bowker. In the first season, 1910–11, eight concerts were given under various distinguished conductors, Wood, Safonoff, and Beecham being among the number. There was a Wagner night and a Beethoven night; and the programmes were eclectic, including Mozart, Schubert, Elgar, von Holst, Dukas, Brahms, César Franck, Moussorgsky, etc. Beecham's night was a memorable one, the programme comprising *Heldenleben*, and the Finale from *Electra*, of Strauss; Debussy's *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune;* and Delius's *Paris*. For the second season Beecham was engaged on terms which were very generous on his part. Among the works given were Dr. Ethel Smyth's *Overture to the Wreckers*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Antar*, Strauss's *Til Eulenspiegel*, *Salomê's Dance*, and the Final Scene from *Salomê;* Wagner's *Good Friday Music* and *Ride of the Valkyries;* Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony;* Delius's *Romeo and Juliet Entr'acte;* and Elgar's *Second Symphony;* besides other works of similar character. The following year was the time for the Triennial Festival; and to avoid clashing it was decided to omit part of the season and to give four concerts only, two before Christmas and two after. Balling, Beecham, Safonoff, and Ronald were the conductors, and the programmes were of the same character as in previous years. The Society, though very successful in an artistic sense, did not receive sufficient support from the public; and the result was a considerable call upon the guarantors each season. This lack of enthusiasm gradually tired out the energies of the organisers, who had to work very hard for little apparent

result ; and in the fourth year the Society was given up. Bantock had throughout been an energetic member of the Committee and the work had involved a serious addition to his labours.

Another organisation with which Bantock became connected, and which he was largely instrumental in founding, was the Birmingham and Midland Musical Competition Festival, whose first meetings were held in May, 1912. This also was fortunate in getting Mr. Bowker as Hon. Secretary, an office in which his partner, Mr. Stevens, became his colleague ; and to their indefatigable labours the success of the organisation is largely due. It immediately established a record in the number of entries ; its artistic standard was correspondingly high ; and this Midland Festival has, in its three years of existence, taken a foremost, if not the foremost, rank. Bantock had for some years been connected with the movement outside Birmingham as adjudicator in various towns of England, Wales, and Scotland. He had formed close friendships with Dr. McNaught, Harry Evans (whose recent loss was a great blow to him), Walford Davies, and other men engaged in the same work ; and when the time seemed ripe for focusing the musical work of the Midlands in this way they all co-operated with a will, the result being a striking success in every way. The educational value of the movement is very great ; and Bantock has been in sympathy with it from the first. It appealed to his democratic instincts, for one thing. It was a movement by the people for the people, and was free from the tinge of snobbery which sometimes makes itself felt in society concerts. Miners, artisans, work-girls, teachers, school-children, society ladies, students, and university men—all classes, in fact, mingled in friendly

emulation and on equal terms; and the beauty of music and poetry was brought into the homes and hearts of the humblest, to brighten and inspire their lives. Besides all this, Bantock had seen how these contests had improved the technique of choral singing—a point to which we shall return in a moment. In the first year, Dr. McNaught, Harry Evans, and Dr. Terry were among the adjudicators, and the entries were close upon 7000. In the second year, Walford Davies and Dan Godfrey took part as judges, and the entries approached 8000. In the third year (1914) the number was 7900—all three being records—and the standard has steadily risen. Throughout, Bantock has been an active member of the organisation, which has made heavy calls upon his time and attention. All who know will agree that his share in the success of the festivals is no inconsiderable one.

The improved technique in choral singing, of which I spoke a moment ago as arising from this movement, has exercised an important influence upon Bantock's artistic development as well as upon his external life. The original impulse came from outside when Miss Wakefield inaugurated her choral contests in the Lake District. But it could not have gone on long as a mere matter of technique among choirs. The old style of music—that of the ordinary part-song, or the Handel or Mendelssohn chorus—was too limited, and offered no field for further attainment: and if the work of the choirs had not reacted on composers, and their fresh work again on choirs, no real artistic gain would have resulted. Technique would have become an end in itself; and mere virtuosity spells decadence. And in fact even as things are we have sometimes to deplore virulent attacks of "*Festivalitis*." Composers, how-

ever, were not slow in seeing their opportunity: few at first, it is true, but others soon followed. Among the pioneers in this matter were Elgar and Bantock; and this development of unaccompanied choral music has become one of the most remarkable artistic phenomena of our time. A subtlety, delicacy, and force have been achieved which differentiate this music strongly from all that has gone before. No one who has heard Elgar's *Réveillé* can very well forget the thrill that he experienced —a peculiar sensation that can be produced only by the means here employed, the combination of striking words, male voices with their peculiar tone-quality, and essential musical clairvoyance. Such work was impossible to the older writers: the necessary choral conditions and choral technique did not exist: and in fact it is significant that this music has arisen in England which has always been the home of choral music. Bantock was so smitten with this new enthusiasm that he went about proclaiming orchestral music to be no good, that it was played out, and that we must all henceforth write unaccompanied part-songs only—immediately upon which we find him engaged upon such trifles as *Dante and Beatrice* and *Fifine;* this being another instance of the way in which his subliminal consciousness snapped its fingers at his surface opinions.

I. The part-songs which he wrote under this stimulus are a study in themselves. We will take the pieces for male choir first. Among the earliest were *Three Cavalier Tunes*, settings of Browning's lyrics of the same name. These, and especially the second and third, *Give a Rouse*, and *Boot and Saddle*, are spirited pieces of work. *The War-Song* from Blake, too, with its insistent cry, *Prepare, prepare, prepare!* (for death) is fine. The arrangements of Scottish songs, such as *The Laird o' Cockpen*,

and *The Piper o' Dundee,* are picturesque and happy, a particularly striking specimen being *The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.* To have heard the Glasgow Orpheus Choir sing this piece with all their native gusto is a memorable experience. A glance at the list of part-songs at the end of the book will show the reader that to discuss them in detail is impossible : I can only select a few of the most striking examples. Allied to the pieces last-mentioned is a setting of Burns's *Address to the De'il,* though this is of course not folk-song arranged, but original. Personally I think this is one of those poems that are best left in their first form, and not enlarged as in a magic-lantern ; but the part-song is a clever piece of work and full of vivid touches. The satire of the hymn-tunes at the words : " And let poor damnèd bodies be "—and, " Great is thy power and great thy fame " ; the lurid passage at, " Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie " ; the eerie drone at the reference to ghosts on the moors ; the imitation of the *Walkürenritt* at the witches' revels ; the suave passage at the reference to Eden ; and the humour throughout—all these combine to make a highly coloured piece. But sarcasm and satire are weapons of the boomerang order ; and the use of the last line of " Scots wha hae " at the end, to the words, " even for your sake," suggests that Scotland is the very devil, and that Bannockburn was an infernal business. Another fine specimen, and a complete contrast to the last, is a setting of Shirley's " *The Glories of our Blood and State.*" It is grave and elevated in style, and is a really impressive piece.

One of Bantock's most remarkable efforts in this line is *Lucifer in Starlight* (six parts). Meredith's sonnet would not, at first sight, seem to lend itself very readily to musical treatment ; but Bantock's instinct has served

him well, and the portion where Satan gazes at the stars and sees them wheeling rank on rank—"The army of unalterable law"—is profoundly impressive. Dr. McNaught spoke of it at a recent Competition Festival as follows: "How anyone could set these words to music, and how anyone could realise them, is most marvellous. It is one of the most remarkable pieces Bantock has ever composed. . . . It is a great piece because it is a big conception."

Of *The Lost Leader* it is not necessary to say much. It has been heard so often at festivals, superbly sung by the best choirs, such as the Manchester Orpheus, Nelson Arion, and Stourbridge Institute, that many words now would be foolish. I shall not quickly forget the thrilling performances of these three choirs at the Midland Competition Festival of 1912. The style is rather harmonic, the melodic parts being mostly on a background of harmonic masses, not on quickly changing and only half-suggested harmonic effects. Sometimes one feels this rather strongly in Bantock's work: and in fact it is sometimes charged against him as a fault: but it seems to be due to his recognition of one of the limiting conditions of unaccompanied choral writing. We are often told that choirs can now do anything, and are all sometimes tempted in consequence to write as freely as for instruments. The limitation of the voice, however, remains. The singer has to imagine the note before he can find it: he cannot get it mechanically as a player can, and if the harmonic structure be too elusive choirs cannot imagine their notes, and uncertainty of performance is the result. Bantock's realisation of this fact seems to be the reason why *Vanity of Vanities* produces so much more certain an effect in performance than *Atalanta*.

This seems to be the drawback in the case of *Kubla Khan*, which, as absolute music, is one of the finest and subtlest specimens. That kind of harmonic subtlety, however beautiful and suitable to the words, is not suitable to choral work. Bantock has here approached the extreme limits of practicability; and the consequence is that there has never been a good performance, though the work is a delight to read—full of poetry and suggestiveness, and wonderfully successful in realising the atmosphere of Coleridge's dream-poem.

II. The pieces for female choir are altogether slighter. It is evident that this medium, with its paler colouring and smaller range of effects, does not appeal to Bantock very strongly. His instinct is for the stronger flavours and colouring of full-blooded male life. There are settings of three poems by Blake—all effective—of which I think *To the Muses* is the most interesting. A fourth, *Young Love*, the words again by Blake, has piano accompaniment, and is a pleasant little piece. There are three specimens to words by Mrs. Bantock. The first is *Soul-Star*, unaccompanied, a soprano melody with mezzos and contraltos winding about in thirds and sixths. It is a small part-song (or trio) but excellent in its kind. The next, *Love-Song*, is more elaborate. It is in three parts with accompaniments for harp, solo violin, and solo 'cello—or, in their place, piano. This, too, is well written and of course well scored, and would prove very effective in performance. The third, *The Happy Isle*, is perhaps the finest of the female choir pieces. It is in seven parts, divided into two groups, the first consisting of sopranos, mezzos, and contraltos, and the other of first and second sopranos and first and second contraltos. The tropical luxuriance of the

southern isle, seen through the glorifying medium of love and longing, has touched the composer's imagination to good purpose. I said that this is perhaps the best of this group, but a setting of Shelley—*Elfin Music*, three parts, accompanied—runs it close and is a very charming and delicate piece of work. There are also a set of arrangements of three English airs for female vocal trio, unaccompanied; and a set of six Scottish airs, unaccompanied. Bantock has done a good deal of such work and is always happy in his handling of this kind of material.

III. There are ten songs for children to words by Mrs. Bantock, two to words by Blake, and a set of three unpublished. *The China Mandarin* is a characteristic little piece with a touch of bizarrerie suggestive of the nodding figures on our mantelpieces. The *Japanese Dwarf-tree* is pretty, but less distinctive. *Night-time*—when the birds are asleep and the bats come out, when the owlets cry and the elves dance before Oberon and Titania—is a charming little song, as also is *Once upon a Time*. Another pretty one is *Elfin-town*:

> Now who will go to Elfin-town,
> Now who will go with me?

Child-voices is a charming piece of music; but better, I think, are *The wild brown Bee*, and *Robin, sweet Robin*, which seem to reflect Bantock's real love of birds and animals. *Riding to Fairy-land* is very happy, and is perhaps the most childlike of all. It seems to me, however, that in these songs the honours rest with Mrs. Bantock. There is more of the essential spirit of childhood in her share of the work: one is always wanting to quote the verses. She has a close instinctive sympathy with children, and has forgotten neither their ways and

thoughts nor her own childhood ; and the charm of her poems is here a very strong element in our pleasure. Of the two Blake songs, one—*The Fly*—is very pretty and suitable. The other—*The Birds*—is more. It would suit a couple of older singers with pure *young* voices ; and rises to a real rapture, so as to call up the delight of the bird-chorus at sunset (I will not say sunrise, for it is doubtful if Bantock ever heard that). His love for animals of all kinds has here found voice in a real ecstasy of bird-song.

IV. Among the part-songs for mixed choirs we find a striking group of Scottish pieces which show Bantock's later preoccupation with the Celtic spirit. Apart from arrangements of Scottish airs, such as *Scotland yet*, and *Scots wha hae*, there are two or three Gaelic and Hebridean folk-songs which are really remarkable for their atmospheric and psychological truth. Some impression of their quality may be gained by referring to the quotation given in speaking of the *Celtic Poem* for 'cello. Bantock has Scottish blood in his veins, and here the racial spirit seems to speak. *A Raasay Lament*, and *Cradle-song*, are both arresting : but *The Death-Croon*, and *The Seal-Woman's Croon*, are specially interesting technically as well as spiritually, inasmuch as we have here a treatment of a solo voice which I have desired for some time. Instead of the piano with its percussive tone, the background is given by chorus singing without words, the first song being for contralto with five-part accompaniment, and the second for contralto with eight-part chorus. Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's piano accompaniments for the Hebridean Songs are wonderfully suggestive, but the subtlety of this treatment is beyond all comparison.

The Irish songs cannot compete with the Scottish,

though *The Leprehaun*, *Emer's Lament for Cuchulain*, and *The Song of Finnuola*, are good in their several ways.

There are also some good arrangements of English songs, and a *Finnish Rune-song*; but we will pass on to the original English work. There are seven settings of poems by his friend, Mr. Hayes, the two best, I think, being *Awake, awake!* with its breezy freshness, and *Nocturne*, in which the allusion to the nightingale seems as usual to have made a special appeal to Bantock. His sympathy for Bohemians of all classes, and his aversion for "Holy Willies," misled him somewhat, I think, when it prompted him to set that brilliant scallawag Villon's *Ballade*. The music is a clever piece of work, and contains many touches, such as that of the corpses swinging in the wind, of a gruesome and realistic vividness; but it does not appear to me suitable for setting, and the hymn-tune seems to lack sincerity, though Villon probably intended the prayer to be sincere, at the time. The *Pageant of Human Nature* is a setting of a short cycle of poems by Sir Thomas More. The manner is somewhat that of *Everyman*, and the choral suite is very suitably dedicated to Walford Davies. It is not a subject, however, that suits Bantock's type of mind, and the work is certainly not in his happiest vein. The workmanship is good, and the style is right, but the essential spirit has proved elusive. It is a pleasure to turn from this to a really magnificent piece of work. Blake often seems to touch a responsive chord in Bantock, and *The Tyger*, one of Blake's most striking pieces, has given Bantock one of his most arresting conceptions. Those who have heard a good choir sing this piece (eight parts) with real dramatic force must have felt the music overwhelming in places,

and fully worthy of the poem—and what can one say more?

> Tyger, tyger, burning bright
> In the forests of the night,
> What immortal hand or eye
> Could frame thy fearful symmetry?—

The tyger seems clothed in the haunting terror of an opium-vision in verse and music alike. There is a setting of Wordsworth's sonnet, *The World is too much with us*, to which I shall have occasion to refer again: and there are four settings of Shelley who always seems to stir Bantock, and whom we have seen really kindle him with *The Witch of Atlas*. It is not surprising therefore that two out of the four call for remark. *Spirit of Night* (eight parts) is in the harmonic style of which I have spoken. It is full of happy effects, antiphonal and other; and it has evidently formed a preparation, if not a preparatory study, for *Atalanta*. The other, *On Himalay*, is simpler, and owes its importance entirely to its own intrinsic charm. If *The Tyger* is terrific, this is equally striking in its way. It has a wonderfully subtle magic: one seems actually to see the sunny slopes of the Himalayas stretching away into infinite distance, with the happy shepherd-boy singing and feeding his flocks. It is a remarkable piece of clairvoyance, full of loveliness, and comparable for sureness of insight with the Caravan in *Omar*.

The climax in this type of work is reached in *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Vanity of Vanities*. The first is a setting for unaccompanied choir of the choral odes in Swinburne's drama, and is most interesting both in the matter of technique and as a daring experiment. An unaccompanied work that takes forty or fifty minutes to perform needs great variety of treatment; and Ban-

tock's scheme is ingenious. The first ode is given to male choir; the second to full choir; the third to female choir; and the fourth to full choir. In No. 1 the choir is divided into four groups—four parts, three parts, three parts, and four parts—fourteen parts in all. By this arrangement it becomes possible (and still more is this the case in the full-choir portions) to pick out single parts by doubling, to pile up masses of sound, and to get responsive effects and different tone-colours, just as in orchestral writing. And in this respect the title "choral-symphony" is apt, though it is misleading otherwise, since it suggests a particular architectural plan. The opening is breezy:

When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces:

but we soon come to a place that appeals to Bantock more at the reference to "the brown nightingale," and he responds instantly. There is remarkable variety and much pictorial effect, not least of which occurs at "the fawn that flies," at the close.

No. 2 is still more elaborate, and has, of course, a wider range of tone-colour. The choir is divided into five groups—three parts, female choir; three parts, male choir; four parts, female choir; four parts, male choir; and six parts, mixed choir; or twenty parts in all. It is very striking both musically and poetically. The variety of effect obtained is very great, and the way these complicated forces are handled is masterly.

Before the beginning of years
  There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears,
  Grief, with a glass that ran:
Pleasure, with pain for leaven,
  Summer, with flowers that fell,
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
  And madness, risen from hell.

The essential quality of the musical conception, the antiphonal effects, and the changing colours are remarkable. One might go on noticing special points all through, for the interest never flags. The close:

> He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
> Sows, and he shall not reap;
> His life is a watch or a vision
> Between a sleep and a sleep—

is touched, as are all the odes in fact, with the philosophy we have already found in Omar; and Bantock is at once aroused, so that the irony is driven home. The end is a peaceful fading away.

No. 3, for female choir, is less than half the length of the others, but forms a good contrast—"We have seen thee, O Love; thou art fair." But the terror is always near. Two figures accompany Love, and

> . . . Fate is the name of her,
> And his name is Death.

This chorus is in twelve parts, four groups of three each, and is full of brightness and happy sunshine until this grave close is reached.

In No. 4 the choir is divided as in No. 2. It is a wonderful piece of work, and is full of that passionate protest against the very nature of things which is characteristic of Swinburne as of Omar. God covers us with hate and makes us transitory and slight: He has fed one rose with the dust of many men: He is against us, He strong, we feeble: therefore

> All we are against Thee, O God most High!—

which is thundered out defiantly in responsive masses of sound, all uniting for the phrase, *O God most high.* The musical treatment throughout is very fine and impres-

sive, and the work as a whole is a remarkable artistic achievement. It was produced by the Hallé Society, at Manchester, in January, 1912.

The same spirit is apparent in the companion work, *Vanity of Vanities*, but the technique is in some ways different. The writing is more harmonic, the divisions of the choir less elaborate, and the result is a gain in certainty and in actual effect in performance, though for quiet reading *Atalanta* is perhaps the finer of the two. The work is in twelve parts, and opens with a motto-phrase to the words of the pessimistic refrain, "*Vanity of vanities—all is vanity.*" This refrain and motto-phrase frequently recur during the work, which is the outpouring of a heart overburdened with satiety and disillusion. The treatment is broad, a fine instance in the first section being the passage:

> One generation passeth away,
> And another generation cometh,
> But the earth endureth for ever—

where the broken passages of the flying generations contrast well with the massive grandeur at the last line. Other pictorial passages are, *The wind whirleth about continually*, and *All the rivers run into the sea.* A very characteristic passage occurs at the *Animando*, to the words, "*There is no remembrance.*" The section closes with a reference to the motto-phrase, and fades away into a melancholy dreaming.

Section 2 is very striking. After the words, *I said in my heart I will prove thee with mirth and enjoy pleasure*, an Eastern dance is sung with closed lips, and suggests the men-singers, the women-singers, and the harem of an Eastern court. The languor of satiety succeeds at

> I made me great works,
> I builded me houses.

A gayer dance, but still with the underlying melancholy of the East, follows—a passage of major thirds on a whole-tone scale, above an augmented fourth drone—but is broken by the exclamation, "*And behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit,*" to the motto-phrase. Then, after a broad and impressive passage at *And there was no profit under the sun,* the music dies away with a reference to the dance.

The third section, "*Then I saw that wisdom exceedeth folly,*" is powerful, and has a recurring cadence on a chord of F minor that is rather striking. A great horror and revulsion of feeling are thundered out at "*Therefore I hated life,*" with a strong discord and the sopranos and mezzos on the top B and A; and the section closes *pp* with "*this also is vanity.*"

The fourth part,

> To everything there is a season:
> A time to be born
> And a time to die, etc.,

is cast in antiphonal phrases and cadences. It is a simple but striking conception. It is a little risky, however, and might easily fail of its effect in unskilful hands. Under Harry Evans, at the production, the choir had all the necessary flexibility and rubato, and the result was good.

Section 5, "*I returned and saw that the race is not to the swift,*" contains one of the most poetically imagined passages in the work at the words, "*As he came forth of his mother's womb naked shall he return,*" etc.

The sixth part opens with a more cheery tone—"*Eat thy bread with joy.*" But the old melancholy soon returns, for the gaiety hovers but for a moment above the abyss of nothingness. Bantock's vigorous Western nature again asserts itself however, and there follows

a very impressive and quite personal and characteristic passage at the words referred to more than once already, "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,*" etc. A happier and also characteristic vein appears at, "*Truly the light is sweet,*" but the old obsession recurs; and the passage in fifths at, "*Yet let him remember the days of darkness,*" leads to the motto-phrase, *All is vanity,* at the close.

The last section opens exultantly with "*Rejoice, O young man in thy youth*"; but the refrain of *Vanity* soon returns. A striking passage follows:

> Remember now thy Creator,
> In the days of thy youth.

And then comes the marvellous passage, too long to quote (Eccles. XII. 1–8), which refers to the silver cord being broken, etc. It would be too much to expect that anything should be added to the extraordinary magic of this passage, but at least one feels no shock: and this leads to an enlargement of the motto-phrase, *Vanity of vanities,* which brings the whole to an impressive conclusion. The work was produced at Liverpool, by the Welsh Choral Union, under Harry Evans, on February 14th, 1914.

The last choral work of which we have to speak is of the simplest possible kind. In the autumn of 1913 Mr. Keir Hardie asked Bantock if he would write a song for the Coming of Age Conference of the I.L.P. The idea appealed to Bantock's democratic feelings; and the result was a Labour Song which bids fair to become a sort of Marseillaise of Democracy. The words are taken from Mrs. Bantock's Song of Liberty, and are really fine and stirring. The song is an easily caught melody with a swinging rhythm allied to that of *Ça ira.* A *Festival March,* or *Labour March,* was written to precede, and

lead up to, the song, and was given by massed brass bands. This, too, is largely built upon the figure allied to that of *Ça ira*, and has a fine rousing effect. The march and song were performed at the Labour Conference at Bradford, in April, 1914, and aroused great enthusiasm.

Coming now to the purely instrumental work, we find first a piece that is akin to the editions of Elizabethan authors already mentioned—the *Old English Suite*. This consists of five pieces arranged for small orchestra, without antiquarian accuracy, and forms a very effective concert suite. The pieces are, the *Fantasia*, by Orlando Gibbons, from *Parthenia;* Dowland's *Lacrimae;* Bull's *The King's Hunt; Quodling's Delight*, by Giles Farnaby, the scoring of which is specially striking, only oboe, two clarinets, and bassoon being employed; and *Sellenger's Round*, by Byrd, which makes a brilliant and jolly finish.

Allied to this are the piano albums of pieces of the same period. Bantock has a fellow-feeling for Bull who was of a pioneer nature; and his editing of his work was done *con amore*. Byrd, too, is one of his later enthusiasms; and for Farnaby he took quite a fancy. The whole preoccupation with these Elizabethan writers formed a distinct phase in his own mental expansion.

We come next to two works for string orchestra—*In the Far West* and *Scenes from the Scottish Highlands*. The first is a picturesque and racy piece woven upon nigger-tunes and folk-songs. The basis of the first movement is a figure with an augmented second, allied to a scrap of nigger-song. No. 2 is a beautiful and expressive presentation of *'Way down Swannee Ribber*. No. 3 consists of a scherzo and trio. And No. 4 is a symphonic working of *Yankee-doodle* with its pendant,

Johnny get your Gun, in regular form, save that at the *return* the subject is modified and a beautiful reference to No. 2 is introduced. The part-writing is full of resource and variety, and the Serenade makes an effective concert-piece. It was produced at the Hereford Festival, October, 1912.

Scenes from the Scottish Highlands contains five movements—a *Strathspey* on the air, *The Braes o' Tullymet ;* a *Dirge* on the tune, *The Isle of Mull ;* a *Quickstep* (*Inverness Gathering*) ; *Gaelic Melody* (*Baloo, baloo*) ; and a *Reel* (*The De'il among the Tailors*). The pieces are full of colour and life. *Baloo, baloo* is specially attractive ; but all are charged with the Gaelic spirit, and the final reel makes one's feet itch. The work is eminently suitable for the string bands which are now springing up so widely. It was produced at Sheffield in November, 1913, under Bantock's direction.

Another fruit of Bantock's later enthusiasm for all things Scottish is the *Scottish Rhapsody*, for full orchestra, which is not yet published. A good deal of it was written during various visits to Scotland in 1913. It is a spirited and racy piece that smacks of the heather and the peat-smoke ; and the clash of discrepant harmonies at times, when the various tunes are going against each other, adds a piquant touch of the barbarism of the natural man. It is written for ordinary orchestra ; and we have first *Tullochgorum ;* then *The Birks of Aberfeldy ;* then *Wi' a hundred Pipers, an' a', an' a'*, which will make those who have felt the magic of " Caledonia stern and wild " feel as if on springs, while they see the vision of the pipers, with their peculiar swinging gait, marching gaily along a mountain glen. The slow movement is represented by a Gaelic tune, *Mairi Bhoideach*, which has all the latent tenderness of the Gael. A clarinet cadenza

then ushers in the sound of " the pipes " with *The Reel o' Tulloch*, and the fun grows fast and furious. This tune is then combined with *Cuttyman and Treladle*, the speed and the excitement increasing, till *Scots wha hae* is thundered out *ff*, in a maddening coda. The piece would stir the blood of even the average polite audience: to those who have worn the kilt among the heather of the highland lochs and glens it is like champagne.

Our grouping of the Scottish works has led to the temporary omission of an earlier orchestral piece—*Lalla Rookh*—which was finished at Northfield in August, 1903. It belongs to Bantock's more youthful, oriental phase—that of *The Fire-Worshippers*—in spirit and conception, though it is more mature in technique. It may be remembered that Moore's scheme is as follows: Lalla Rookh, the daughter of Aurungzebe (1658–1707), and the Prince of Bucharia, are betrothed by their respective fathers, upon which the bridal procession sets out for Cashmir, where it is to be met by the lover and the nuptials performed. The way is beguiled by the poetical tales of a young minstrel, Feramorz, who joins the train, his stories being *The Veiled Prophet, Paradise and the Peri, The Fire-Worshippers*, and *The Light of the Harem*. Lalla Rookh's heart is touched by the handsome poet, and she is accordingly uneasy at her approaching marriage. To her great joy, however, she recognises in the young king the minstrel of the journey, who has taken this way of wooing her unknown. Bantock's composition is perhaps the climax of his work in this vein of orientalism. Eastern scales and sumptuous colouring are freely used, and the usual festival orchestra is employed, with three of each wind timbre: an unusual point, however, is that the violins,

for a considerable part of the time, are in unison. The work opens with an expressive phrase for strings, which stands for Lalla Rookh herself; and this is enlarged upon in various tender phrases of much beauty. The second section represents the bridal caravan, and has some very charming imitative phrases for wind against an inverted A pedal for violins and violas. Next, the caravan halts, and we hear the languorous Lalla Rookh theme; after which the minstrel-lover, Feramorz, appears with a characteristic oriental figure. A beautiful horn-phrase tells of the nascent feeling of the two lovers, and then comes the first tale. These tales are not illustrated, but merely symbolised by *cadenzas* for flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon, which foreshadow the similar and greater clarinet cadenza in *Fifine*. As interludes, separating the cadenzas, the tender horn-phrase just mentioned is used. Following upon this comes a picturesque oriental dance; then the growing excitement as the end of the journey approaches; and finally the climax when Lalla Rookh, in an agony of joy, recognises the minstrel in the throned king with an ecstatic cry. The piece is a very effective one of its kind, though not on the intellectual level of the works which followed.

Of the Suite of five *Dramatic Dances* I have little space to speak. They are picturesque, but not in Bantock's more mature manner. Nos. 1a and 1b are for Cleopatra; No. 2 for Sappho; and Nos. 3a and 3b for a harem-favourite. They were produced at the York Festival of 1910.

On the *Overture to a Greek Tragedy*, similarly, considerations of space forbid me to enlarge. The work is really written for Sophocles's *Œdipus at Colonos*, but it is modern music, not written in the style of the music

to the Greek plays already discussed. The striking 5/4 subject at the opening, with its response in the horns, leads to a figure in the basses which forms one of the chief features of the *development;* and the working of the Fate element throughout is very finely suggested. The second subject is a beautiful passage for four horns with solo violin, representing Antigone; and the elevated close refers to Œdipus's mysterious disappearance and subsequent apotheosis. The work was produced at the Worcester Festival, September, 1911, Bantock conducting.

Of the other orchestral works, we take first *The Pierrot of a Minute,* a fantastic piece founded upon Ernest Dowson's poem. It will be remembered that the Pierrot falls asleep in the Parc du Petit Trianon, beside a statue of Cupid. He dreams that he is visited by a Moon-maiden with whom he falls rapturously in love. She warns him of the fatal sweetness of the kisses of the moon; but he persists in his passion which she then allows. At last dawn approaches and she must leave him. So the poem ends; but Bantock continues the piece to his awaking from the long dream which—like that in the Arabian tale—has really lasted but a minute. The strings are divided throughout into ten parts, and at the opening the violins enter one after another with tambourine and crisp harp-notes. The gambolling pizzicato figure that follows at the *Allegro Vivo* stands especially for the Pierrot, whose love is kept well in character throughout, there being always an element of the fantastic—the gambolling scherzando—even in the passionate portions. At bar 160 the strings are muted as he falls asleep; and his figure, given to the horn, tells of his amorous state. The Moon-maiden appears, coy and capricious. Muted strings, as at the opening, but

with an added viola solo, describe her coquetry with him. She then grows more tender, and the passionate mood becomes more enthralling, till it reaches its climax in a beautiful section, *Molto lento cantabile* (bars 423–506), the fantastic element, however, being never lost sight of. During the last portion she has left him (to the music of the opening), and his awaking is now touched upon in a brief *codetta*. The piece is delicate in imagination, workmanship, and scoring, and very effective in performance; but it needs a well equipped and capable orchestra, or its daintiness is lost. It was produced at the Worcester Festival, September, 1908, and has had many performances since; among them three in America, and one each at Paris, Nancy, Cologne, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Shanghai.

In the case of *Dante and Beatrice* there is no attempt to illustrate a story. The work is a psychological study, rather, dealing with the influence of an uplifting ideal in the life of a man. Broadly speaking, the opening stands for Dante himself and his condition before his marvellous love for Beatrice shone forth in all its splendour. Into the middle of this agitated music, however, there enters forcefully (on 'cellos, trombones, bassoons, and cor anglais, *ff*), as the overpowering love really struck Dante, a theme which, later, is enrayed in loveliness, and which represents Beatrice. Dante's theme does not remain unchanged, but undergoes several modifications, and appears, now in an agitated, now in a poetical and exalted mood, this last more particularly at bar 92 and onwards. It is worked up to a climax at bars 110–120, after which there comes a silence, and the beautiful Beatrice theme, heralded by a harp passage, is given by solo violin, accompanied by violins at first, but, after one bar, alone, in a lovely *cadenza*. This treat-

ment is then thrice repeated. The effect is most happy, and stands out in the memory after a single hearing. The working of these two themes is carried on with great resource and beauty through various moods of tenderness, passion, and exaltation, till, after a great climax, Dante hears of Beatrice's death. Her theme now appears with poignant grief (*Lentamente*) in the basses, the upper parts being added one after another. Dante's desolation, and his thoughts of her in the idealised state as almost divine, are then expressed in the last portion beginning *Sostenuto cantabile*, with great elevation and beauty ; and the interweaving of themes is carried on with much skill, but is always subservient to the poetic intention. At the very end, *Molto lento*, the two themes are united, and bring the piece to a noble and elevated close. The work is scored for festival orchestra, and was produced at the London Musical Festival at Queen's Hall, May, 1911.

The sub-title of *Fifine at the Fair—A Defence of Inconstancy*—is only Bantock's fun. He is not a specially giddy, fickle, or inconstant butterfly ; but he has a passion for a striking phrase, even though it be a flash one. *Fifine* is vigorous, full-blooded, and before all things human. The subject has seemed to some an impossible one for music ; and, of course, the intellectual finessing of Browning's poem is so. Bantock simply takes the broad human situation and treats that. Neither poem nor music is " a defence of inconstancy," but merely a defence of those normal intellectual and spiritual relations which men and women alike need with their peers—the same sort of freedom of intercourse as the friendship between Carlyle and Lady Ashburton, which so offended Mrs. Carlyle. In the case before us Don Juan goes wrong, and suffers accordingly : but

the shutting off of healthy outside influences turns the married state into a stagnant pool.

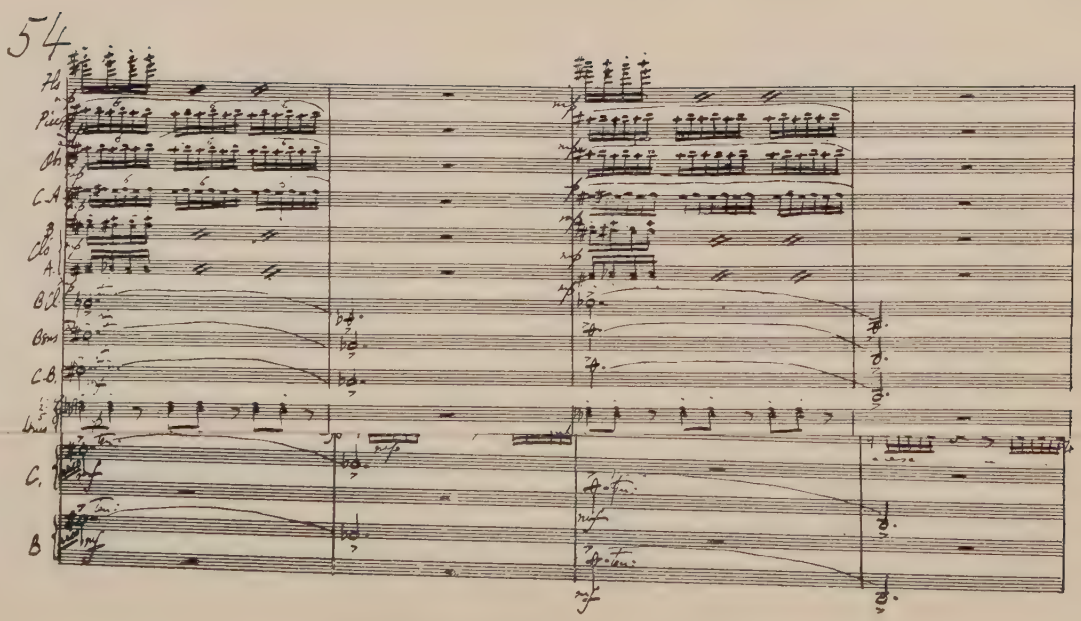
The Prologue is for strings only (twenty-one parts), and shows the Ocean of Life with the butterfly hovering above it, and the man swimming in it: and here Bantock diverges from Browning in making the butterfly the type, not of the soul, but of Fifine, and that womanly element which is found in her and in all women. The soul of the man reaches up towards the beautiful creature with yearning. Yearning merges into questioning. Out of the mood of inquiry grows a further mood of aspiration, the theme of which is afterwards associated with Elvire. This prologue is a most effective piece of writing, with its hints of human passion, yearning and aspiration. Then, with a crash, follows the bustle and tawdry glitter of the fair, amid which a modification of *The Carnival of Venice* is thundered out by the strings and brass against a flaring shake of the wood-wind. Then we hear a man thwacking the big drum outside one of the booths, to call the people together; an old fiddler scrapes away (in the first position only), and after a few bars a boy joins in with the penny whistle. The hubbub returns; and the poet even in the midst of all the gaiety is impressed with a sense of the essential tragedy of things. At last Fifine comes on (just before the *Allegretto grazioso e capriccioso*) with her seductive charm and fascination. She dances and captivates the poet, her witchery reaching its fullest expression in a long and beautiful cadenza for clarinet alone, after which Elvire's larger and nobler presence appears (strings, horns, and clarinets, *Molto lento sostenuto*). The struggle of desire, the strife in the man's soul between these two ideals of womanhood, is well shown, and is the subject of the rest of the work. Sometimes Elvire's

influence grows, sometimes Fifine's; and the meretricious charms of the Fair (or the ordinary world) often captivate the man's senses. Finally he is unfaithful to Elvire, who leaves him. The *Epilogue* opens at *Lento con malinconia*, and shows the man's lonely musings:

When, in a moment, just a knock, call, cry,

and the two are united again, while the memory of Fifine and the fair fade together. The reunion is brought about, in Browning, by death; and he ends: "Love is all, and death is nought." To Bantock this is alien, and in his view the wife simply returns to the man bringing forgiveness. Each view has its merits: and Bantock's work as a whole is remarkably fine—perhaps the most effective piece of purely orchestral English music.

We have now arrived at the climax of this second portion of the Birmingham period. *The Great God Pan* weaves together the two strands of choral and orchestral development which we have been tracing into a single web. The work raises some interesting questions. It embodies a sort of artistic neo-paganism which is a real expression of Bantock's later personality. The conception as a whole is his, though the fine execution of it on the literary side is due to Mrs. Bantock. The style, musically, is different in many ways from that of *Omar*. Contemporary veins of thought, and especially those of the French and the Russian Schools, have influenced Bantock's mind, and we see evidences of the fact here. It is sometimes said that to be up to date is to be quickly out of date: but in this case there is no effort to be up to date. Those who know Bantock know how his mind has been working in sympathy with these developments: and if his work showed no traces of this enthusiasm it would not truly express him. His admira-



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF "THE GREAT GOD PAN"

tion for Strauss is a continuation of his earlier German proclivities. It is these other types of thought which are more especially characteristic of his later years: and of these we find evidences everywhere in this work—in the harmonic scheme, the strange discords, the elusive tonality, and in the atmospheric treatment generally.

The work is in two parts, *Pan in Arcady*, which was to have been produced at Sheffield on November 12th, (1914)*; and *The Festival of Pan*, which is at present incomplete. The sub-title, *A Choral Ballet*, indicates the fusion of the two elements of which I have spoken. The orchestral ballet occupies some fifty or sixty pages of piano score, and the whole is quite suitable for performance on the stage. The first part is fanciful and idyllic; the second part contains, towards the close, ideas that are graver and more philosophical. Pan is not, as some have thought, an embodiment of nature as a whole—is not connected with τὸ πᾶν, the all, nor does he really express a vast philosophy of the sum of things. The word is connected with the root πα in πατέομαι, to feed; and he is really a shepherd's god—a god of flocks and herds and forests, and the wilder aspects of rural nature. But Bantock chooses to use him, as some of the later classical poets used him, for an expression of the neo-paganism with which he identifies himself, both in its Arcadian aspects (Part I), and in its larger views of life (Part II).

The work opens with an *Invocation to Pan* in the shape of an unaccompanied *Choral Prelude* for double choir (twelve parts). This is full of vivid pictorial touches, such as the passage at *The sweet waters are welling;* and the technical workmanship is obviously

* The production had to be postponed owing to the war; and no fresh date has yet been fixed.

that of the same hand that wrought *Atalanta*. Pan is invoked as *God of forests, god of liberty ;* and the central portion, a tenfold cry of *Pan,* with discordant semitones and augmented fourths, followed by the words, *God of the unfettered mind,* is very striking. The following section, *come, piping loud and wild,* is highly picturesque, as also is the analogous passage :

> The sweet singer, the light dancer, the wild piper clear and shrill—

where the choral technique is very free and suggestive of the idea. The Prelude ends with a great shout, *Pan, great Pan, all hail !* in massive harmonies by the combined choirs.

The scene of Part I is supposed to be a woodland glade with mountains beyond ; and the characters are Pan (bass), a shepherd (tenor), Echo (soprano), and the Moon (contralto), with choruses of nymphs, dryads, fauns, satyrs, mænads, earth-spirits, and hunters. These represent that purely natural sylvan life, and that mythical golden age, which poets have imagined—always in the past. And there are seasons when one does long for a return to the youth of the world, as one looks back with longing, sometimes, upon one's own youth. We see such a moment of heart-hunger in Wordsworth's sonnet, *The world is too much with us*—which, as we have noted, Bantock has set—in the exclamation at the end :

> . . . Great God ! I'd rather be
> A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

These lines have evidently appealed to Bantock, and might stand for a motto for this work—even to the

creed outworn, in which Wordsworth indicates that such return is for ever impossible. Bantock, too, knows that the bar is inexorable: that the flaming sword forbids the return to the past, save in the universal present of mind and thought.

The arrangement of the orchestra is less elaborate than in *Omar*. The strings are divided into two each: the wind consists of the usual festival brass and wood: and there are percussion, harp, and celesta.

The orchestra opens with 122 bars of prelude, with which the chorus of nymphs and dryads who are sporting in the forests and pools, mingle two short bursts of song (fourteen bars and three bars) in their naïve delight, merely to the exclamation, *Eia!* This prelude is very attractive. A chorus of hunters (six parts) now crosses the scene:

> O awake! O awake! Dian's wings are unfurled,
> Maiden swift, Maiden sweet as the rose of the world!

The music is for male chorus with hunting-horns, and is mostly tonic and dominant, the voices moving in progressions of fifths, and the effect being picturesquely bucolic. Pan now enters laughing, the figure

> Twy-horned, goat-footed, wild with shaggy hair,

of the ancient statues. The nymphs and dryads fly in dismay and hide in the thickets. He, however, espies them, and after a few moments they are reassured: he chases them: they, laughing, elude him, and at last slip away, leaving him alone. The music of his song has that touch of bizarrerie which suits the uncouth savagery of his nature in its present aspect. He exults in his primal energy and force:

> Hearken, O world!
> To thy heart I blow:
> And I twist it, and take it
> In strong hands, and break it.

and tries to join in the dance, which becomes wilder; but his strength fails and he sinks to the ground. A tender passage follows as his thoughts dwell upon all the beauty and joy of the earth-life which is being torn from him. He takes a pipe and blows a few notes: tries to rise: sinks back exhausted: and is borne out, to sorrowful strains which die away *pp*. Then follows the last of the dances, and the close of the orgy. A band of mænads (5) rush in with wild hair and garments, waving their thyrsi; and fauns, satyrs, and mænads whirl together in the very delirium of transport. The music is a frantic torrent of riot in 6/8 time, constructed entirely on a whole-tone scale; and rises to a frenzied climax, after which the dancers gradually vanish into the woods and leave Pan alone.

He sinks down exhausted, and a pleasant contrast after all the delirium is afforded by the simple pastoral strains of a shepherd's song as he crosses with his flock, going to fold.

We now reach the final scene. The Moon rises in serene splendour, singing. Very beautiful is the passage:

> Let me descend, and bare
> Amid your roses,
> To Night my breast;

and very characteristic the chorus of earth-spirits (6–12 parts, without words) in response. She descends and finds Pan sleeping, and is horrified by his monstrous form, which the music illustrates with uncouth passages and harmonies. Pan awakes, and she, in terror, tries to fly. Pan urges his passion: she resists: then, at length, breaks away, and rises heavenward. A point in the music, noticeable for its pictorial suggestiveness, occurs at the lines:

> I am held in the net of the wild one's hair:
> I fly to heaven—can he follow me there?

Pan now summons the rain- and dew-spirits, changes himself into a cloud, and envelops the Moon. This also is vividly portrayed by the orchestra, an extraordinary chord being held for twenty-four bars by bass-instruments, while wood-wind, harps, and celesta have sestuplet-passages of semiquavers. This embrace of the Moon—the radiance—by Pan in the form of a cloud, is the attainment of his desire and the culmination of Part I. The Moon's shrinking terror is changed into rapture; the earth-creatures—fauns, satyrs, dryads, and nymphs—join in with sympathetic gladness (twelve-part chorus and two soli); this last portion being full of passion, tenderness, and beauty.

In Part II, *The Festival of Pan*, which is as yet only in the rough, Bantock develops his conception to its ultimate issue. The scene is at Rome in the time of Elagabalus (A.D. 218–222) in a portico of the imperial palace. The emperor is giving a banquet in Pan's honour; and bands of revellers and dancers pass and repass. In an alcove is a statue of the Youthful Pan (a beautiful piece of work now in the British Museum). The chief characters are a Syrian damsel (soprano), a lute-player (mezzo), Elagabalus (tenor), Gregory, a monk (baritone), and the Youthful Pan (tenor); and the chorus consists of bacchanalians, soldiers, monks, dancers, buffoons, and female slaves.

The work opens with a prelude which leads into one of those saturnalia for which the Court of Elagabalus was notorious. The chorus utter frenzied cries of Io Pan! Evoë, Evoë!—and the whole is worked up to a wild pitch of bacchanalian frenzy. A song for the lute-player follows; and then a seductive chorus for female voices only, interspersed with fragments of song for the Syrian damsel, on whom the emperor's desires are at

present centred. It will be remembered that Elagabalus —perhaps the most degraded of the Roman emperors— had been high priest of the Sun in Syria, and brought all the debauchery of the East to Rome. This Syrian element gives Bantock an opportunity for the use of that Oriental colouring to which, as we have seen, he has always been so partial. Elagabalus himself speaks next; then comes a dance of Circassian slaves; then the emperor resumes, and orders the *Buffoons' dance*, which accordingly follows. This leads into a renewal of the opening orgy. And now comes a tremendous contrast, and the sharp antithesis of two ideas of life; for amid all this riot, the sound of a distant procession of monks is heard chanting the *Miserere*. The chant grows louder; and at last Gregory, the monk, bursts in with the prophetic fervour of a St. John the Baptist and fiercely denounces the lasciviousness of the imperial Court. At the climax of his invective Bantock makes use of the mediæval legend which says that at the birth of Christ a mighty voice was heard re-echoing over land and sea with the cry, *Great Pan is dead*. So here Gregory, adopting the words, cries, *Great Pan is dead*, and strikes the image so that it totters, falls, and is shattered, amid the consternation of the revellers—a consternation which is increased by a mysterious darkness which swiftly envelops all. In this darkness a curtain is drawn over the alcove, and behind it is seen a red light which slowly increases to an intense radiance. The curtain then falls; and in place of the statue is seen the living figure of the Youthful Pan, who then proceeds to speak.

His Monologue is a protest against the monastic view of life, and an exposition of that of the calmer seeker after beauty and truth. He protests against the worship of a God of Pain, and denounces as slaves those who

lie prostrate before altars where death is crowned king, to whom is offered the oblation of sighs for songs. He then proceeds to exhortation: "Go forth and meet the eye of heaven. Solitude shall weigh thee: silence winnow thee within. Lift the bright cup of life to thy thirsting lips, brimming with the draught *mingled of joy and pain*. Then, like to gods, filled with that draught divine, scorn the low valleys: climb ever, to where, on the heights of truth, dwells Liberty. I, Pan, am the embodied mystery of the world. Hearken, O men! Attune your ears to me. Lo! I am Pan!" And upon this a choral pæan brings the work to a close.

It will be seen that this scheme provides some highly picturesque scenes and tremendous contrasts. It will also be noted that this Pan has travelled a long way from the Pan of *Pan in Arcady*. Although he denounces a religion of pain, he accepts pain as part of the draught of life and liberty which he himself offers. It is unfortunate that the situation suggests his defence of the ways of Elagabalus and his like, which his speech implicitly condemns. The revellers are not at all representative of the noblest paganism, such as that of Plato, or Marcus Aurelius, or Epictetus: neither are the monks truly representative of the spirit of Christ. These two, therefore, may be considered as cancelling out: and this leaves us with Pan as the exponent of Bantock's present view of life—a view which is very interesting, and one with which we can all agree to a large extent. The work should prove highly effective; and we look forward to its production with keen anticipation.

CHAPTER VIII

PERSONAL MATTERS AND TRAITS

UNLESS I have altogether failed hitherto in my presentment of Bantock, the reader will have received by this time a very fair impression of the man and his work. A few more details, however, may be welcome, and may serve to deepen the lines and make the portrait stand out more clearly in the mind.

On coming to Birmingham the family lived first at Strathfield, King's Norton, about five miles from town. Here Bantock performed a characteristic action. Josef Holbrooke was at this time quite a young man, and in family difficulties. Bantock invited him to live with him for a time, and gave him a room in which he could write at leisure. Holbrooke was even then very unconventional, and Mrs. Bantock had some amusing diplomatic fencing-matches with him to get him to wear a collar when going to some important concert. Bantock himself, like many of us, rebels against the insatiable demands of etiquette, and avoids a black coat—and, *a fortiori*, evening-dress—like the plague. The only dress he really does fancy himself in is Oriental—such as that of an Arab sheikh, in which he appeared at a fancy-dress ball, and in the newspapers (by photo) next day. It is recorded of Morris that, once, being on a Board of Directors, he kept a top-hat to attend the meetings, as a sacrifice to Mrs. Grundy: and that, on

BROAD MEADOW
Photo. by Reginald Haines

resigning, he went straight home, got out the hat, and solemnly sat upon it. Bantock's instincts are much the same; and for some time he went about in a suit of golden-brown velveteens of a texture that called forth the remark in the papers that he was the first man who ever attended a University Faculty Meeting in corduroys.

After King's Norton, the next home was at The Jungle (note the Orientalism), Northfield, only a mile or two away. This was a tiny old-fashioned house close upon the churchyard, but with a charming garden. The churchyard, however, got upon Mrs. Bantock's nerves, and a move was soon made to Moseley, closer in to town, where there was a pleasant garden and a house that now began to overflow with books. When the lease ran out in 1907 and they were looking about for new quarters, they were lucky enough to see a fine old manor house called Broad Meadow, near King's Norton. It had been an old farmhouse, and the place is mentioned in *Doomsday*. It stands on a part of the old British trackway, called the Rycknield Street, which, further on towards Alcester, becomes very lovely. There was a fine walled garden, an orchard, and some shrubberies with beautiful old trees and a rookery. Here the home was kept for six years, and this is the most loved of all the homes. A photo of the house is given. The country southwards is pure and unadulterated, and was a delight to Mrs. Bantock; while the children grew and throve in the country air and life. Here, latterly, I hermitised near them in a small cottage on the estate, which Bantock insisted on calling The Kennel, or The Pig-stye. In March, 1913, for considerations of professional work and the children's education, it was found necessary to come closer to town again, and the present house at Edgbaston was taken. The children of whom I have spoken are Julian

(1898), named after the Roman emperor usually called The Apostate. It is an unjust label; for, considering the character of the so-called Christianity in which he was brought up, it was to his honour that he rejected it. The name, however, aroused Bantock's sympathy, which he thus expressed. Raymond arrived in 1900; the third, also a boy, Hamilton, in 1904. His advent occurred during Bantock's Japanese craze, and he was consequently dubbed Kintoki, which is now with much labour being dropped. Fourth and last came a girl (1905), of whose names, Hermione Myrrha Shereen, the last is specially due to her father's enthusiasm for all things Persian.

The Japanese craze which I have just mentioned lasted a long time and was a virulent attack. The house was filled with Japanese prints, and Broad Meadow became a sort of Oriental museum. Shrines, gods, prints, drums, carvings, and curios were everywhere; and some horrible crapulous Japanese ghosts leered at you as you left the study so that you were glad to escape. One room, however, was reserved for another and different hobby—Napoleon. All Mrs. Bantock's Gainsboroughs and modern pictures were ignominiously turned out, and the room filled with portraits and relics of *le petit caporal*, of whose career Bantock has quite a library. It is a marvel that he ever consented to live in a house called Strathfield, a name so closely allied to Strathfieldsaye, the place of Nap's *bête noire*, "*ce Vilainton.*"

I have spoken of Bantock's way of "discovering" perfectly well-known men, and slanging his friends who admired them temperately, for not caring for them. An amusing instance occurred recently. He saw some pigs by Morland, and was quite captivated by them.

He began to study Morland: bought books upon him. The disease increased, and his temperature rose to 212 degrees. He is at present a melancholy martyr to Morlanditis, and buys pictures which a year ago he would have thrown into the dustbin. This capacity for new enthusiasms stands him in good stead, however, and keeps him always singularly alive. Byrd, Bull, and Farnaby inoculated him with mild doses of their respective viruses, and corresponding attacks followed. At another time it was geology that absorbed him; he got up the subject with remarkable rapidity, and visited many interesting deposits with his friend Mr. Hayes.

He is of a generous, lovable nature, very free from artistic jealousy, and wonderfully ready to hold out a helping hand to others. There is a sort of tropical profusion in his nature. Just as he plans out *Kehama* in twenty-four symphonic poems, and sketches six Egyptian dramas, so, on going to a new place, he buys, not half a dozen picture post-cards, but fifty *to start with*. Many people like to have a tortoise in the garden, but he sees some on a barrow and arrives home with ten. They become a regular nuisance and have to have a garden frame devoted entirely to them. He must have living things round him, and delights to see them all enjoying themselves eating. He insists on feeding the fowls, pigeons, geese, etc., though he knows that overfeeding will stop the egg-supply: he must at all costs have them all round him, gobbling away. At Moseley, he had two Great Dane pups which grew quite unmanageable and had to be got rid of. At Broad Meadow there was a tank in one of the conservatories in which he decided to have goldfish. He spent £2 or £3 on fish, and stocked the place with rocks and weeds; but as the tank had a dark bottom no fish were ever seen, and he

might as well have thrown the money into the gutter. At Edgbaston there were four dogs in an ordinary suburban house, and the garden had to be all latticed and gated to keep them moderately within bounds.

With books the case is the same. He buys recklessly, and has to clear out periodically for want of room. He is often fortunate, however. He buys mostly good editions, and when he sells often gets good prices, in some instances actually making a profit. His taste in literature, as in music, is all for the moderns. Just as pioneers feel a certain impatience at, and intolerance of, the well-known and trodden ways of life, and yearn to be out in the open, so Bantock is apt to be intolerant of even good writers till they are far enough off, or sufficiently forgotten, to be almost in need of re-discovery. I once said to him: "You care for no music written earlier than the day before yesterday." He retorted: "I care for none written earlier than the day after to-morrow." The cases, therefore, run parallel. In music, Strauss, Sibelius, etc.; in literature, Shaw, Conrad, Loti, etc. Artistic rationalism, and revolt against the established, is almost a formula for him. Akin to this phase of his mind is his love of books of travel; and we have made many pleasant fireside excursions together, among them one with Sven Hedin through Tibet and Central Asia to Peking. The Time-Machine, too, has worked its miracle for us, and we have watched the slow procession of the centuries unroll themselves, in Gibbon's pages, before us. Another book which we have read together, and one interesting him more particularly on account of his devotion to Napoleon, is Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

He has a fine sense of orchestral colour and balance,

and a sure knowledge of effect ; and he once remarked to me that *Omar* is a sort of amber colour. Many of us have a feeling for this sort of correspondence between colour and sound. Brahms, for instance, and especially in the case of the *Gesang der Parzen*, seems a sort of fateful grey : and Wagner's prevailing tone is often red. But it is interesting to learn a writer's impression of his own work in this respect. In all kinds of work he craves strong flavours and largeness of scale. Jane Austen spells tedium to him. Thackeray and Dickens are an abomination : he is weary to bear them. Morris's *Earthly Paradise* contains only one tolerable poem—*Gudrun*. And yet he is like Morris in many ways, with a similar stormy, yet affectionate nature. In bodily appearance, too, there are frequent resemblances between the two ; while Morris's pathetic remark : " Oh, how I long to keep the world from narrowing me, and to look at things bigly and kindly," might almost have been uttered by Bantock, except that he would never have uttered it, but would have turned off the mood with a remark humorously insulting to some one.

Jahn tells us of Mozart that in conversation he would often seem to be absent, and to be carrying on a deeper train of thought. This, as is often the case with creative artists, is frequently true of Bantock, especially when he has any big work on hand. At such times one may get answers which he will afterwards be quite unconscious of having given. His favourite recreation is chess. One night he was playing late with a friend, and had occasion to go upstairs for a book. While finding it he forgot all about the game, and went to bed ; and his friend waited downstairs in growing bewilderment, till at last, finding everything silent, he was obliged to let himself out at 1 a.m. and go home.

Bantock has many such traits—some at times a little exasperating; but they are only skin-deep. His is essentially an affectionate, generous, and large nature; and, taking him for all in all, he is a real artist of great attainments, a picturesque personality, and a true friend.

FACSIMILE OF BANTOCK'S HAND-WRITING, 1914

LIST OF WORKS

IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY ARE DISCUSSED

(Those marked † are not published.)

†Five Heine Songs	
†Grand Galop for Piano	
†Allegro in G minor for Piano	
†Song, *Sweet Maid*	
†Polonaise for Piano	
†Two Meditations for Violin and Piano	
†Scherzo and Trio from Symphony in C	
†Requiem Mass in C for Voices and Piano	
†Two Heine Songs	
†Three Monologues of Satan, from *Paradise Lost*	
Thorvenda's Dream. Recitation Music	Forsyth & Co.
†The Blessed Damozel. Recitation Music	
Piano Album (Rhapsody, Meditation, Fantasie)	London Music Publishing Co.
Set of Twelve Piano Pieces	Forsyth & Co.
Melody in E♭ for Piano	Jos. Williams
Two Albums for Piano (*Silhouettes*, and *Miniatures*)	Bosworth
Two Piano Pieces (*Reverie* in E♭, *Barcarolle in F minor*)	Ashdown
The Curse of Kehama, for Orchestra (two parts, *Processional*, and *Jaga-Naut*)	Breitkopf & Haertel
†Ballet, "ÆGYPT" (Orchestra)	

The Fire-Worshippers (Cantata for Choir and Orchestra)	Novello
The Pearl of Iran (Opera)	Breitkopf & Haertel
Caedmar (Opera)	London Music Publishing Co.
Ballet-Music to "Rameses II"	Breitkopf & Haertel
†Overture to "Eugene Aram"	
Songs of the East (six Albums of six Songs each: India, China, Japan, Persia, Egypt, Arabia)	Breitkopf & Haertel
Russian Scenes, for Orchestra	Bosworth
English ,, ,,	,,
Helena Variations, for Orchestra	Breitkopf & Haertel
Saul (Tone-Poem for Orchestra)	
†Christus (Oratorio for Chorus and Orchestra)	
Thalaba the Destroyer (Tone-Poem for Orchestra)	
The Witch of Atlas (Tone-Poem for Orchestra)	Novello
Elegiac Poem for 'Cello and Orchestra	Jos. Williams

SONGS

Songs of the Seraglio (four)	Oliver Ditson
Six Jester Songs	Breitkopf & Haertel
Ghazals of Hafiz (five)	,, ,,
If that Angel of Shiraz	Oliver Ditson
Ferishtah's Fancies (thirteen)	Breitkopf & Haertel
Sappho Songs (nine) (full score and parts also)	,, ,,
Song of the Genie	,, ,,
As I ride (Browning's *Through Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr*)	Boosey
Two Songs (*Eastern Love-Song* and *Winter*)	,,
Three Blake Songs (In a Myrtle Shade, The Wild Flower's Song, and Love's Secret)	Novello
†A Lover's Kiss	

Two Chinese Songs (The Moo-Lee Flower, and Mistress Wang)	Breitkopf & Haertel
†Sword and Blossom Poems (six)	
100 Folk Songs of all Nations	Oliver Ditson Co.
60 National and Patriotic Songs	,, ,,
100 Songs of England	,, ,,

'Cello Pieces

Sapphic Poem for 'Cello and Orchestra (Piano score and full score)	Novello
†Celtic Poem for 'Cello and Orchestra	

Greek Plays

†The *Hippolytus* of Euripides (Murray)	
The *Electra* of Sophocles (Greek and English)	Breitkopf & Haertel
†The *Bacchæ* of Euripides (Murray)	

Choral Work

†Mass in B♭ for Male Choir	
The Time Spirit, for Chorus and Orchestra	Breitkopf & Haertel
The Sea-Wanderers, for Chorus and Orchestra	,, ,,
Christ in the Wilderness	,, ,,
Gethsemane	,, ,,
Omar Khayyám, for Chorus and Orchestra (Parts I, II, III)	,, ,,

Part-Songs for Male Voices

Three Cavalier Tunes:		
(1) Marching Along	(Browning)	Novello
(2) Give a Rouse	,,	,,
(3) Boot and Saddle	,,	,,
Two Part-Songs:		
(1) Hymn to the Sun		Bailey & Ferguson
(2) There was a Fairy		

War Song	(Blake)	Breitkopf & Haertel
The Inch-Cape Rock		
The Piper o' Dundee		Novello
The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu		,,
The Laird o' Cockpen		,,
Festival Song, for the National Union of Teachers	(Anderton)	Breitkopf & Haertel
The Lost Leader	(Browning)	
The Glories of our Blood and State	(Shirley)	Novello
Lucifer in Star-light	(Meredith)	,,
My Luve's like a red red Rose	(Burns)	Curwen
Two Odes from Sophocles' *Œdipus in Colonos :*		
(1) Stranger, thou art standing now		Breitkopf & Haertel
(2) Now a brighter Boast than all		
Zeus, Lord of Heaven !	(Æschylus)	,,
Wilt thou be my dearie ?	(Burns)	Curwen
Bonnie wee Thing	,,	,,
Down among the dead Men		,,
Kubla Khan	(Coleridge)	,,
The Charge of the Light Brigade	(Tennyson)	,,
Rune-Song	(Finnish)	,,
Hunting Song	(Collier)	,,
Address to the De'il	(Burns)	,,
(1) The King's Messenger	from *The Shih King* (Chinese)	,,
(2) The Pear-Tree		,,
(3) Through Easter Gates		,,
(4) Good King Wu		,,
†(5) The City of Chow		
†(6) Princely Visitors		
†(7) The Lady of the Lagoon		
Ballade	(Villon)	Novello

PART-SONGS (OR TRIOS) FOR FEMALE VOICES

Three Blake Poems :	
(1) To Morning	Curwen
(2) To the Evening Star	,,
(3) To the Muses	,,

The Happy Isle	(H. F. Bantock)	Curwen
Soul Star	,,	,,
Cradle-Song (*Mo Chubrachan*, Gaelic)		,,
Elfin Music	(Shelley)	Breitkopf & Haertel
Love Song	(H. F. Bantock)	Novello
Young Love	(Blake)	,,

English Airs, Unaccompanied

(1) Under the Greenwood Tree	(Shakespeare)	Curwen
(2) Where the Bee sucks	,,	,,
(3) A-hunting we will go	,,	,,

Scottish Airs, Unaccompanied

(1) Flowers of the Forest	Joseph Williams	
(2) Ye Banks an' Braes	,,	,,
(3) Highland Laddie	,,	,,
(4) The Campbells are Coming	,,	,,
(5) Auld Robin Gray	,,	,,
(6) Bonnie Dundee	,,	,,

Two-Part Songs for Children (Accompanied)

(1) Once upon a Time	(H. F. Bantock)	Curwen
(2) Song of the Japanese Dwarf-tree	,,	,,
(3) The China Mandarin	,,	,,
(4) Night-time	,,	,,
(5) The Fairies are dancing	,,	,,
(6) The wild brown Bee	,,	,,
(1) Robin, sweet Robin	,,	,,
(2) Riding to Fairy-land	,,	Novello
(3) Elfin-town	,,	,,
(4) Child-voices	,,	,,
(5) The Birds	(Blake)	,,
(6) The Fly	,,	,,

Bringing in the Hay (unison)
The Owl (duet)
The lost Land (trio)
} Published in America

PART-SONGS FOR MIXED VOICES (ORIGINAL)

The silken Thread	(Hood)	Bayley & Ferguson
Awake, awake (4 parts)	(Hayes)	Novello
Evening has lost her Throne (4 parts)	,,	,,
Oh, what a lovely Magic (4 parts)	,,	,,
Nocturne (6 parts)	,,	,,
Out of the Darkness (8 parts)	,,	,,
In the silent West (8 parts)	,,	,,
The Moon has risen ,,	,,	Breitkopf & Haertel
The Tyger	(Blake)	Breitkopf & Haertel
On Himalay	(Shelley)	Novello
Wake the Serpent not	,,	,,
Spirit of Night	,,	,,
One with Eyes the fairest	,,	,,
Music, when soft Voices die	,,	Curwen
Spring Enchantment	(H. F. Bantock)	Novello
Coronach	(Scott)	Curwen
They that go down to the Sea in Ships	(Ps. 107)	,,
The World is too much with us	(Wordsworth)	Novello
My Luve's like a red red Rose	(Burns)	Curwen
Be of good Cheer	(Omar)	Breitkopf & Haertel

(*Old English*)

O Mistress mine	(Shakespeare)	,,
Full Fathom five	,,	,,
Willow Willow	(Traditional)	,,
Sumer is icumen in	,,	,,
The three Ravens	,,	,,
Ah, the Sighs that come fro' my Heart	,,	,,

(*Scottish*)

Scotland yet	(Riddell)	,,
O saw ye bonnie Lesley ?	(Burns)	Curwen
Ca' the Yowes	,,	,,
Scots wha hae	,,	,,

The Death-Croon		Curwen
The Seal-woman's Croon		,,
A Raasay Lament		,,
Lullaby, O can ye sew Cushions		Novello
March of the Cameron Men		,,
Dumbarton's Drums		Curwen
Ettrick Banks		,,
Annie Laurie		,,

(*Irish*)

The Leprehaun	(Joyce)	Novello
Arranmore	(Moore)	Breitkopf & Haertel
The Song of Finnuola	,,	Novello
Emer's Lament for Cuchulain	(H. F. Bantock)	,,
The Wearing of the Green		Breitkopf & Haertel
The Cruiskeen Lawn	(H. F. Bantock)	Novello

Atalanta in Calydon (unaccompanied)	(Swinburne)	Breitkopf & Haertel
Vanity of Vanities	(Ecclesiastes)	Curwen
God save the King, for Chorus and Orchestra		Breitkopf & Haertel
Rule Britannia, for Chorus and Orchestra		,,
Song of Liberty, Festival March and Chorus, with Brass Band	(H. F. Bantock)	
Chorus		Curwen
Brass Band		R. Smith & Co.
Piano solo		Novello
Organ ,,		,,

Church Music

Anthem: God in the great Assembly stands (Ps. cxxxii.)	(Milton)	Willcocks
Hymns (in the New Hymnal):		Novello

(1) Bone Fide
(2) Concord
(3) Hamilton
(4) Ispahan
(5) Julian
(6) Mecca
(7) Moseley
(8) Northfield

(9) Raymond
(10) St. Wulstan
(11) Strathfield
(12) Temple
(13) Greater Britain

Twelve Anthems (edited): Curwen

(1) I will exalt Thee (Tye)
(2) I call and cry (Tallys)
(3) Call to Remembrance (Farrant)
(4) Sing joyfully (Byrd)
(5) O Lord my God (Bull)
(6) Hosanna to the Son of David (Gibbons)
(7) Hear my Prayer (Batten)
(8) My God, my God (Blow)
(9) I will arise (Creyghton)
(10) Out of the Deep (Aldrich)
(11) O Lord God of Hosts (Purcell)
(12) Put me not to Rebuke (Croft)

Anthem (edited): Bow Thine Ear (Byrd) Curwen

Madrigals (edited):
I thought that Love had been a Boy ,, ,,
The Nightingale ,, ,,

Instrumental Works

Albums of selected Pieces for Piano: (1) Bull. (2) Farnaby. (3) Byrd. (4) Three Dances (Byrd) Novello
Old English Suite for Orchestra Novello
†Lalla Rookh
Dramatic Dances for Orchestra:

(1a) Snake-dance (1b) Cymbal-dance Novello
(2) Sapphic-dance (3a) Veil-dance ,,
(3b) Dagger-dance ,,

Overture to a Greek Tragedy (for Orchestra) Leuckart
In the far West (for String Orchestra) Breitkopf & Haertel
Scenes from the Scottish Highlands (for String Orchestra) ,, ,,

†Scottish Rhapsody (for Orchestra)	
Orchestral arrangement of Bach's Choral Variations, "*Wachet auf*"	Breitkopf & Haertel
The Pierrot of a Minute (for Orchestra)	,,
Dante and Beatrice ,, ,,	,,
Fifine at the Fair ,, ,,	Novello
The Great God Pan (for Chorus and Orchestra):	
Part I. Pan in Arcady	,,
Part II. The Festival of Pan	,,

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME

Baldur (Lyrical Drama)	Fisher Unwin
The Song of Alfred (Epic)	Constable & Co.

Music

The Song of the Morning Star (Choral Ode for Female Choir)	Forsyth & Co.
Three Shakespeare Songs (Tenor)	,, ,,
You Spotted Snakes (Part-songs for Female Choir).	,, ,,
Tell me where is (Part-songs for Female Choir).	,, ,,
Fancy bred (Part-songs for Female Choir).	,, ,,
Fear no more the Heat o' the Sun (Part-song for mixed Choir)	,, ,,
Adagio Cantabile (Violin and Piano)	,, ,,
Album-leaf (Violin and Piano)	,, ,,
The Lord is my Shepherd (Boys' Voices)	,, ,,
Twelve Children's Songs	Charles & Dible
Ode to Autumn (Keats) (Part-song for Mixed Choir)	JosephWilliams,Ltd.
The Cheshire Man (Keats) (Folk-song)	,, ,,
Flower-de-Luce (Part-song for mixed Choir)	Breitkopf & Haertel
The Song of the Down-Trodden (Part-song for Mixed Choir)	Stainer & Bell
" Spring-Idyll " (for Small Orchestra)	Score and parts of the Author

LIVING MASTERS OF MUSIC

An Illustrated Series of Monographs dealing with Contemporary Musical life, and including Representatives of all Branches of the Art.

Edited by ROSA NEWMARCH.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 2s. 6d. net.
Postage 3d. extra.

VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED.

HENRY J. WOOD. By ROSA NEWMARCH.
SIR EDWARD ELGAR. By R. J. BUCKLEY.
JOSEPH JOACHIM. By J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.
THEODOR LESCHETIZKY. By ANNETTE HULLAH.
GIACOMO PUCCINI. By WAKELING DRY.
ALFRED BRUNEAU. By ARTHUR HERVEY.
IGNAZ PADEREWSKI. By E. A. BAUGHAN.
CLAUDE DEBUSSY. By MRS. FRANZ LIEBICH.
RICHARD STRAUSS. By ERNEST NEWMAN.

THE MUSIC OF THE MASTERS

Edited by WAKELING DRY.

Foolscap 8vo. With Portrait. 2s. 6d. net each vol.
Postage 3d. extra.

BRAHMS. By H. C. COLLES.
BACH. By RUTLAND BOUGHTON.
WAGNER. By ERNEST NEWMAN.
TCHAIKOVSKI. By E. MARKHAM LEE, M.A., Mus. Doc.
BEETHOVEN. By ERNEST WALKER, M.A., D.Mus. (Oxon.).
ELGAR. By ERNEST NEWMAN.

THE LIFE OF PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY

(1840–1893). By his brother, MODESTE TCHAIKOVSKY. Edited and Abridged from the Russian and German editions by ROSA NEWMARCH, with numerous Illustrations and Facsimiles and an introduction by the Editor.

Demy 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. net. Postage 6d. extra.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

"Mrs. Newmarch's valuable addition to Tchaikovsky literature may be unreservedly commended to the attention of student and expert, while by her clear style and excellent English the needs of the music lovers, to whom the colour, the sincere emotion, and strong human element of Tchaikovsky's music will make a very strong appeal, are met."—*Standard.*

CÉSAR FRANCK: A STUDY

Translated from the French of Vincent d'Indy, With an Introduction by ROSA NEWMARCH.

Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. Postage 5d. extra.

There is no purer influence in modern music than that of César Franck, for many years ignored in every capacity save that of organist of Sainte-Clotilde, in Paris, but now recognised as the legitimate successor of Bach and Beethoven. His inspiration "rooted in love and faith," has contributed in a remarkable degree to the regeneration of the musical art in France and elsewhere. The now famous "Schola Cantorum," founded in Paris in 1896, by A. Guilmant, Charles Bordes, and Vincent D'Indy, is the direct outcome of his influence. Among the artists who were in some sort his disciples were Paul Dukas, Chabrier, Gabriel Fauré, and the great violinist Ysäye. His pupils include such gifted composers as Benoît, Augusta Holmès, Chausson, Ropartz, and d'Indy. This book, written with the devotion of a disciple and the authority of a master, leaves us with a vivid and touching impression of the saint-like composer of "The Beatitudes."

THE SINGING OF THE FUTURE

By D. FFRANGCON-DAVIES.

With an Introduction by SIR EDWARD ELGAR and a Photogravure Portrait of the Author.

Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. Second Edition. Postage 5d. extra.

"On almost every page there are sentences which might well be committed to memory."—*Times.*

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By E. A. BAUGHAN.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net. Postage 4d. extra.

EDWARD A. MACDOWELL:

A BIOGRAPHY. By LAWRENCE GILMAN, Author of "Phases of Modern Music," "Strauss' 'Salome,'" "The Music of To-morrow and Other Studies," "Edward Macdowell," etc. Profusely Illustrated.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net. Postage 4d. extra.

THE MUSIC OF TO-MORROW AND OTHER STUDIES

By LAWRENCE GILMAN, Author of "Phases of Modern Music," "Edward Macdowell," etc.

Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. Postage 4d. extra.

PHASES OF MODERN MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN.

Small 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. Postage 4d. extra.

"An American criticism of prominent modern composers, singularly picturesquely written."—*Daily Mail.*

ASPECT OF MODERN OPERA

By LAWRENCE GILMAN, Author of "Phases of Modern Music," "Strauss' 'Salome,'" "The Music of To-morrow and Other Studies," "Edward Macdowell," etc.

Small 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. Postage 4d. extra.

STRAUSS' "SALOME"

By LAWRENCE GILMAN. With Musical Illustrations.

Small 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. Postage 4d. extra.

"Mr. Gilman's writing possesses all the characteristics to which we are accustomed in work from his pen; there is a constantly fastidious choice of the right word and lucidity of thought and a strong grip upon and a clear understanding of his subject."—*Musical Standard.*

MUSICAL STUDIES: Essays

By ERNEST NEWMAN.

Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. Postage 4d. extra.

"Mr. Newman writes with a rare sympathy and an extraordinary insight."
Daily Chronicle.

GREIG AND HIS MUSIC

By H. T. FINCK. Author of "Wagner and His Works," etc. With Illustrations.

Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. Postage 5d. extra.

"Apart from its value as a contribution to musical biography the book is written in very racy style, and on every count, therefore, may be heartily commended."—*Westminster Gazette.*

UNMUSICAL NEW YORK:

A Brief Criticism of Triumphs, Failures, and Abuses.
By HERMANN KLEIN.
Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

MASSENET AND HIS OPERAS

By H. T. FINCK.
Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

DR. HENRY COWARD:

THE PIONEER CHORUS MASTER
By J. A. RODGERS. With 8 Illustrations.
Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

FRANZ LISZT

By ARTHUR HERVEY. With a Frontispiece.
Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

THE PLAY OF TO-DAY

By ELIZABETH R. HUNT.
Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

NATURE IN MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN.
Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

CARILLONS OF BELGIUM & HOLLAND

Tower Music in the Low Countries. By WILLIAM GORHAM RICE. With 32 Illustrations.
Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

STARS OF THE STAGE:

A Series of Illustrated Biographies of the Leading Actors, Actresses, and Dramatists. Edited by J. T. GREIN.
Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

ELLEN TERRY. By CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN.
HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE. By MRS. GEORGE CRAN.
W. S. GILBERT. By EDITH A. BROWNE.
SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM. By FLORENCE TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, W.

1415

KR-032-608